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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Feb. 14, 1937

Visions of an Artist – The Aurora – Painted for This Page by Henry Clive

Old-Fashioned China Won't Debutante Fashions

This Bathing Suit Is Still to Be Approved by the Old Chinese Sages, Who Detest Bare Legs, Though They Have Reluctantly Accepted Other Smart Western Styles.

SHANGHAI.

FOR the past ten years the young women of the Land of the Yellow Dragon have been copying the styles of Paris, London, New York and Hollywood, in the face of determined and deep-seated opposition from the elders who still believe that Kipling was right when he wrote his famous line, "East is East and West is West, and the twain shall never meet."

There are still thousands of people in China who resent the so-called westernization of feminine fashions and urge the girls of the land to shun the clothes of the Western World, but the time has arrived when the citizens of China's large cities can, and do, take occidental fashions in their stride. The kickers get fewer every year and the big stores of this metropolis, Peking and Hongkong, boldly stage shows of western fashions knowing that their more youthful—and some of the older patrons, too—much prefer dresses originating in Paris and other style centers to the traditional kimono and coolie outfits made up of jacket and trousers, cut in the ancient Chinese manner.

The photographs on this page were snapped at a recent fashion show in a Shanghai department store, an establishment that has come to be as popular with native women as with the women of the foreign settlement. The fashion editors of local newspapers attended the affair and had kind words to say about the appearance of Oriental maids and matrons in these dresses, frocks and sports ensembles from Europe and the United States. The boldest of the commentators, knowing that the attitude of the Chinese public has changed considerably during the past few years, were frank enough to say that the time is not far distant when western clothes may replace native fashions entirely.

The couturiers of Paris would like to take the credit for changing the ideas of an ancient eastern empire concerning "la mode," and some of them try to do just that. But they know that it was the Hollywood movies shown in China that gave the almond-eyed young women the urge to wear clothes that made much more of the feminine figure than their old-time native fashions do.

It took courage on the part of few pioneering members of the fair sex to appear publicly wearing the sort of clothes that the movie queens of the American film capital do, but there were many disciples of western dress in China and, once they had taken the plunge, young women followed their example, by the hundreds.

Ten years ago Chinese newspaper editors were still printing irate letters from readers who spoke their minds about the "alien and obscene" clothes that were being worn by girls who were dishonoring their noble ancestors by departing from Chinese modes and manners. Now and then such letters come to editorial offices and are printed in the "woo pop" departments, but they are getting fewer and less indignant.

The hostesses in Chinese dance halls had much to do with the shift in Oriental views on dress. Because they worked against a background of American jazz—and now they are enthusiastic about so-called swing music—they naturally felt that they should wear American clothes. The patrons of the night clubs saw love fetching the slanty-eyed young women looked in dancing frocks and evening dresses and bought such outfits for themselves.

The fashion shows in stores inspired thousands of customers to brave criticism by adding one or two western outfits to their wardrobes of native costumes. The movement caught on quickly and it wasn't long before the streets were filled with native women dressed in the New York and Hollywood manner.

The battle is not entirely won, however, for many Chinese people who admit that their young women look well in European and American dresses can't forget that it is an old Chinese custom that girls should not make it too obvious that they have legs. Modesty is a major factor in Chinese notions of propriety and displaying the "form divine" is still a shocking business to millions of the sprawling country's solid citizens.

Slacks Are All Right, Too, Because While Fashionable, They Are Considered Modest.

Two Chinese Beauties Featuring a Slit Afternoon Skirt, and a Smart Evening Gown, Both of Which Are Viewed With Approval.

Riches Under Great Lakes

TALK of sunken treasure usually brings to mind pictures of divers and cargo ships lying broken and barnacle-covered at the bottom of the deep sea. But not all such riches are hidden away in Davy Jones' salty locker. It seems that millions of dollars worth of material that can be salvaged is sunk in the silt at the bottom of the Great Lakes and a syndicate recently was formed in Detroit to finance the ambitious job of bringing this material to the surface.

This treasure—most of it, at least—is not in the form of gold and silver coin, sheafs of bank notes and precious gems, but copper which started out in the holds of lake steamers which were sent to the bottom during the violent storms which sometimes sweep the chain of lakes between this country and Canada.

Simon Lake, veteran inventor of submarines and a world-famous salvager of sunken treasure, devised a mechanism that, by many experts, is believed to be the best scheme yet worked out for taking the cargo from ships on the bottom. It is a flat-topped steel drum which is let down to the bottom and connected with the salvage ship by a water-tight tube enclosing a stairway up which the rescued material can be brought. The air in the drum can be stepped up in pressure until a door in the bottom of the drum can be opened, without admitting the water. Through this door divers walk onto the wreck.

Lake and the members of the concern formed in Detroit are especially interested in the contents of some 35 ships that went down in the Great Lakes during the last storm of November 9 and 10, 1913. Tons of copper went down with these ships, although a few of them carried lumber and coal.

Probably the first job that the treasure hunters will tackle is the good ship Pewabic, sunk in Lake Erie back in 1854. This craft carried a big cargo of copper and the syndicate, with information supplied by the late captain of the steamer after his rescue, believes that the hulk can be located without much trouble.

This Photograph, Made by a Wandering Photographer Out of London, Reveals a New Use for Mother Sow, and the Youthful Rider Is Wondering Whether He Can Call Himself an Equestrian. The Youngsters Are Engaging in a Sport Popular on the Farms of Essex.

Romance By Short Wave

Jagunsha Wyczecka, Who Was Wooed Over the Radio by Her Sweetheart, Who Pirated a Wave Length to Reach Her.

WARSAW, Poland.

THE old saying, "Love will find a way," was never more ingeniously demonstrated than by a young engineer named Antok Kivarowski who was so enamored of a young woman that he risked fine and imprisonment to broadcast his love for her over a short-wave set that had police all over the country trying to locate his little station hidden away in the village of Byalistok. When, after discouraging handicaps, he had found his love and broken down her folks' objection to him, he gave himself up to the authorities. They fined him heavily for operating an unregistered radio station but, after a good talking to, released him so that he could meet his bride-to-be at an inn and talk over their wedding plans.

The ultra-modern love story began about a year ago when Mr. Kivarowski won the heart of Jagunsha Wyczecka, but ran into the emphatic opposition of her parents, who had other plans for her and didn't think it wise for her to marry a struggling young engineer working for a small salary. The young man left Warsaw and the Wyczeckas thought they were rid of him. They insisted that their daughter go around with the young man they had picked out for her, and even circulated the report that Jagunsha was soon to marry their choice for her hand.

Then, several months ago, radio listeners in Warsaw and vicinity began to pick up a most unusual program promptly at 10 o'clock every night. A voice, omitting the customary call letters which the law requires every short-wave operator to use, always opened with the words: "Antok is speaking to Jagunsha. Antok is speaking to Jagunsha." After this announcement Antok would make charming and romantic love to the girl, assuring her that he cared for her more than any other man possibly could and begging her not to marry anyone but him, parents or no parents.

After a few nights, hundreds of listeners-in made it a habit to tune in on the program. The newspapers, sensing a good story, printed each night's declaration of affection. The officials of the Polish Broadcasting Company and the police tried vainly to find Antok, whoever he was, and the spot from which he was sending his messages into the air. There was some suspicion that the broadcaster was a political propagandist, talking in code and not really making love at all.

The mystery wasn't solved until one night a blushing young woman walked into the quarters of the Amateur Radio Club.

"I am Jagunsha Wyczecka," she said shyly. "Those items in the papers have moved me to come here. I believe I am the one for whom those messages from Antok are intended. We have no short-wave receiving set in my home and I thought you might let me listen in."

At the end of the broadcast she asked the secretary of the club to send out a reply to the Lothario of the air.

About a week later Antok arrived in Warsaw, met his girl and learned that her folks were weakening in their objection to him. Soon after Jagunsha promised she would marry him, anyway, he gave himself up to the police.

Antok Kivarowski, Who Was Only Too Glad to Pay a Fine for Violating the Radio Rules So Long as He Found His Sweetheart.

Best Dressed Hangman Celebrates 100th Execution

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia.

MANY an executioner gets to worrying about the human beings he has put out of the way and winds up in an institution for the mentally unbalanced or retires to brood over his grim part in ridding the world of wrong-doers. But not Hangman Hart, Yugoslavia's official executioner for the past 12 years.

The other day, Mr. Hart, dapperly dressed in a morning coat, top hat and snow-white gloves, sprung the trap for his hundredth "patient," as he calls criminals doomed to die by the noose, and announced that he was going to celebrate a sort of milestone in his highly profitable career.

The cares of Mr. Hart's office, if any, rest lightly on his cheerful and philosophic mind. From the first he has referred to his victims as "patients" and his favorite boast, when people ask him about his job, is that he "cures people of all the ills of the flesh."

The Yugoslavian executioner looks upon a little book which he always carries with him as his most valuable possession. In this book are the names of the hundred people he has hanged and, opposite each name, the fee he collected for the job and any comments that seemed worth making.

In the back of the book is another interesting account—the record of his "earnings" from the sale of the ropes he uses in his profession. It is the rule in this country that the rope goes to the hangman once he has cleaned up a job. Thousands of people, for some strange reason, have the notion that there is good luck in a rope that has stretched some law-breaker's neck, and they pay Mr. Hart well for chunks of the rope which he has sliced up for eager buyers.

As a final fillip at each hanging, Mr. Hart removes his white gloves, throws them at the feet of the deceased with the remark: "So-and-so, I am not responsible for thy death."

He clears his conscience as easy as that.

Gas Masks for Dogs

DURING the past three or four years European manufacturers have made and sold several million gas masks for soldiers and civilians. The alarmingly upset conditions on the Continent have boomed their business. Their factories are working overtime turning out the fume-proof face coverings—not only for humans but for horses and dogs.

The picture below shows a new English mask which recently was exhibited at a show put on by the Canine Defense League Clinic at Enfield, near London. The mask, an overall affair, which is lined with soft fleece and has shatter-proof goggles built in it, is on the order of the anti-gas devices worn by military dogs during the World War, but is an improvement over these gadgets.

When the picture was taken the dog hadn't seen the mask. And when attendants attempted to use him as a "subject" to demonstrate how neatly the thing fits, he put up quite a fight and had to be held by five men before the show could go on.

Once the contraption was firmly fastened about his head, he ran about in circles, trying to shake it off. He clawed at it with his feet and tried to bark his objection to such goings-on, but without much success.

Owners of dogs are much interested in the new masks and believe that their pets would soon get used to wearing the devices. Military officials tell civilians that, after a short course of training, the dogs of war wear the masks stoically, even willingly, seeming to understand that the not-too-comfortable head coverings are for their own good.

All Europe Is Practicing the Use of Gas Masks Against Possible War, and Mask-Making Is a Leading Industry. It Is Now Being Extended to Include Family Pets, Mainly Dogs. A Dog Mask Is Shown in the Photograph Above.

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Cruel Tragedy That Ended the Country Club Play

One "Phantom" Set On Fire by a Flying Match-Head, Her Heroic Southern Girl Companions Rush to Put Out the Flames, and Become, in Turn, Living Torches

The Costume of the "Phantoms" of the Young Southern Fashionable Society Theatrical Club, Which Cost the Lives of Six.

Mrs. T. G. Gayle, the First of the Six to Die, and Who Was the First to Try to Beat Out the Flaming Mrs. Stewart.

Mrs. Alston Keith, Noted Young Alabama Beauty, Third to Die of the Burns.

Mrs. Richard Williams, Whose Death Was the Last of the Six. Her Own Husband, a Physician on the Vaughan Memorial Hospital Staff, Saved Others, but Could Not Save His Own Wife.

As the Flying Match-Head Touched Mrs. Arnold Stewart's Flimsy Dress, Flames Shot Up From It and Those of the "Phantoms" Around Her, Unmindful of Their Own Danger, Rushed to Smother and Beat Out the Fire, and in Almost an Instant All of Them Were Aflame, Burning as Though They Had Been Drenched With Some Inflammable Fluid —And Six Died.

The Selma Town and Country Club, the Scene of the Fatal Fire.

THE ballroom of the Town and Country Club in Selma, Alabama, was filled with members and guests to watch 32 young fashionable society women of the Phantoms' Club stage their annual end-of-the-year spectacle. Instead they saw the young women appear as pillars of flame, six of them fatally burned, and many others barely escaping death.

It was 10 o'clock in the evening and everyone knew that the big show was to start. The dazzling lights in the ballroom were switched off and electrician Humphries lowered from one of Selma's meeting places of theatres, turned his three flood lights upon the "Roman Castle" at the end of the room. This was just a bit of scenery, representing the wall of a castle and was covered with artificial snow, which glittered prettily in the cold light.

The electrician then turned his blue spotlight on the open entrance to the castle. It was the cue for the 32 Phantoms to enter. The leader of the Auburn College boys' orchestra stood with baton raised to start the march music the moment he saw Mrs. Clarence Agee and Mrs. Edward Arneson, who were to lead the entrance march. But there was a delay, causing Humphries to wonder if by any chance the ladies had failed to see his spotlight, which had seemed impressive at the dress rehearsal.

Then came something much stranger to wonder about. From the other side of that entrance appeared a dull, red glow, rapidly growing brighter, with an ember flicker to it. It was a magnificent effect against the cold blue and such as the late David Belasco might have turned out with several thousand dollars worth of lamps, dimmers and other equipment, but who could be doing this?

There was a murmur of admiration from the audience and the first scattering beginnings of a round of applause but this was discouraged by the anxious voice of Mrs. Stewart Webb, the only member of the Phantoms who was in the audience.

"Oh! Oh!" she said. "That isn't right! Something has happened." Mrs. Webb knew that there was not supposed to be any red and amber light effect. More than that, she remembered that she was in the audience instead of taking part in the spectacle because her mother, Mrs. W. W. Rainer, had forbidden her to wear that costume "on account of the danger of ——." She didn't dare shout that deadly word in that crowded room. But somebody screamed it from the other side of the castle wall:

"Fire!"

At last someone appeared in the entrance. It was the cue for the orchestra leader to swap his boys into the first bar of that march but, like everyone else, he remained frozen at the sight.

Instead of a pair of women in their knee-length Spanish costumes entering with carefully rehearsed step came one masked woman, running like mad. She seemed literally clothed in flame except the face with its white mask, and wide-open screaming mouth. Even the top of her head was ablaze with smoke and flames trailing behind like streaming hair.

Nobody recognized the flaming apparition as Mrs. Tyler Wiley, Cleveland, one of the most attractive married beauties in Southern society, but in her agony she threw herself into the arms of the first man she knew, Lloyd Towns, operator of one of a chain of theatres owned by her brother, Robert Wiley, of Atlanta. Towns tore off his dinner coat and wrapped her in it, while other men with their hands and coattails helped beat out the flames, but Mrs. Cleveland was doomed.

Other screaming human torches dashed out of that same entrance and from every other way out of the dressing room behind the scenery. Officer C. H. McKenzie of the Selma police was passing the club when he saw one of those women aflame flee across the verandah and out over the gulf course. He pursued as fast as he could, crying to her to stop, but she raced on at such speed that it took him 100 yards to catch her, throw her down and wrap her in his service coat, and by that time the fire in her clothes had almost burned itself out.

She was Mrs. Richard Williams, wife of a Selma physician in the audience who was at that moment already attending other victims. As often as he saw a man or woman standing idle he asked them to fired his wife.

Presently Officer McKenzie brought Mrs. Williams to him. He did his best, so did the doctors at the Vaughan Memorial Hospital and McKenzie had done his best, but Mrs. Williams in that wild upset over the thing had been the worst thing she could. She was the last of the six to die.

Like most everyone of prominence in the town of 20,000 inhabitants, Mayor L. B. Burns was present and joined in that dreadful game of catching and extinguishing those human firebrands, expecting each one to be his own daughter. Helen Burns, University of Alabama graduate. Helen, however, escaped harm due to the presence of mind of Mrs. Claughton Johnston, who dragged her into a nearby shower bath.

This happened to be exactly the right thing to do, because, in spite of what everyone thought at first, the building itself was never on fire, only the women. The way they blazed made it seem as if gasoline or other inflammable fluid had exploded upon them but not even that had happened. It was one of those almost incredibly simple tragedies, yet it had been foreseen by Mrs. Rainer and they had all had their warning.

Waiting for that spotlight cue were 20 of the women, crowded into one dressing room and some 30 more in the corridor outside, ready to follow at their heels. All had their masks on, and in another moment the danger would have passed because just then Humphries was reaching to give the right cue. But before his hand found the switch, one of the women could not resist having just one last puff at a cigarette.

She struck a match whose burning head flew off, touched the cuff of Mrs. Arnold Stewart and dropped to the floor. A little thread of light was seen to run up her sleeve and from there, like drops of quicksilver, travel all over her costume. Then the whole thing broke into tiny jets of flame, like those on a gas stove, turned low. There was a moment's silence while everyone remembered Mrs. Rainer's words:

"If anyone touches a match to that costume it will burn like tinder!"

"But who is going to touch a match to anyone?" they had laughingly replied and ignored the warning. Mrs. Stewart was the first to speak, and without excitement:

"Why, I'm on fire."

Mrs. T. G. Gayle, wife of a young lawyer and mother of a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, moved to her assistance and tried to beat out the fire. Her reward was to find herself aflame from head to foot, in one flash.

It turned out that Mrs. Gayle was the worst burned of all and first to die. However, half a dozen others, who had tried to help, caught the fiery infection which leaped from one to another until the burning Mrs. Stewart was surrounded by a dozen other pyramids of fire and then the panicky attempt to escape started.

One would imagine that Mrs. Stewart being the first would have had the poorest chance of all. But it seems that the hands of the other women had done considerable in retarding the flames, and in the rush to get out she had been crowded among the others which again tended to smother the fire.

Out in the corridor luck was again with her. Instead of making one of those fatal dashes, she was standing bewildered when the mayor found her first of all and with his coat put the flames, licking her, completely out. She was at no time on the dangerous list.

Mrs. Gayle was one of those who tried to run away from the flames and the mayor, thinking she was his daughter, pursued. Finally caught her and beat out what was left of the fire with his coat. When she was brought to Dr. Williams he saw at once that she was beyond hope. All he could do was ease her agony with hypodermics of morphine.

Mrs. Bernard Reynolds, musician and choir singer, was found face down on the card-room floor, every stitch of clothing burned from her except a pair of shorts. To those who found her she said:

"I am all right except a few blisters and a shivery feeling. Help the others first."

But the brave young matron was not all right. She was the fourth to die. Mrs. Alston Keith saved a man from drowning last Summer, but could not save her own life from the fire. She was third to die. Mrs. Edward Smith, whose husband is adjutant of the Selma American Legion Post, was next to the last to go.

Mrs. Clarence Agee, who was to have led the march, hung between life and death for days at the hospital, as did Mrs. Lucille Rowland. Both finally started on the slow road to recovery under the expert hand of Dr. Alton Ochsner, of Tulane University.

Others released from the hospital after several days were Mrs. William Craig, Mrs. Leslie Harris, Mrs. Arnold Stewart and Mrs. Leon Rowan. Mrs. Rowan, a former trained nurse, was one of the heroines of the tragedy. Telling everyone that she was all right and only singed a bit here and there, she helped the doctors care for all the others first. But they found her so badly burned that she was not allowed to be moved for three days.

When it was too late, came an investigation of how it happened. The fatal costume was made by a colored seamstress from a sketch by Mrs. Hugh Mallory, Jr., who had been chosen as the most beautiful girl at the University of Alabama before her marriage.

It was of white Canton flannel, with an inch and a half of cotton batting to outline the neck, eight inches up the front and two inches on the cuffs. The hood tops were outlined with two separate bands of the same and the Cossack cap had a broad band of it. Beneath this the women had only the flimsiest of silk undergarments.

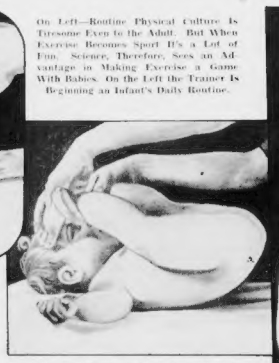
That this costume was inflammable almost to the point of explosiveness was shown when Mrs. E. F. Russell, wife of State Senator Russell, hung hers on a hanger and touched a match to it. She says it took just three seconds to consume itself to a point where the fire was already dying down and the fabric falling in shreds to the ground.

Perhaps the cruelest bit of irony about the tragedy is the fact that right in that dressing room where it happened were plenty of the best fire-extinguishers for that sort of blaze anyone could ask. On a long rack hung more than 30 wraps belonging to the women. Had the unfortunate Mrs. Gayle, instead of trying to beat out the fire on Mrs. Stewart, snatched one of those cloaks and wrapped it around the first match-head victim, probably the only damage would have been one ruined costume, a singed wrap and a good scare.

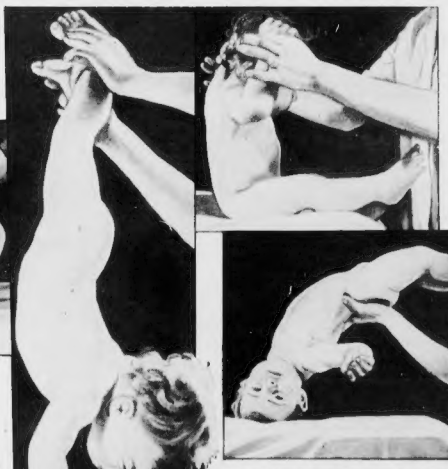
But nobody thought of them until the next day.

How To Exercise The Baby And Make Him Like It

On Left—Routine Physical Culture Is Tiresome Even to the Adult. But When Exercise Becomes Sport It's a Lot of Fun. Science, Therefore, Sees an Advantage in Making Exercise a Game With Babies. On the Left the Trainer Is Beginning an Infant's Daily Routine.



The Baby Chortles as His Feet Are Raised Until the Toes Touch His Forehead.



On Left—Next the Arms Are Raised and the Hands Brought Together Over Baby's Head. It's Great Fun.

Then Baby for a Few Seconds Literally Stands on His Head, While the Legs Are Raised Again and the Muscles of the Back Exercised.

Not a Bit Tired, But Much Refreshed by the Sport, Baby Smiles for the Cameraman.

The Little Legs Are Helped in Their Development When Baby Is Swung by the Feet—and He Likes It.

PARIS.

DOTING mothers and fathers who handle their babies as though they were China dolls would be amazed if they could drop into the salon of Mme. Haguet, who calls herself a "professor of gymnastics," and watch her maneuver a five-months' old infant. The photographs on this page show one little fellow who obviously enjoys being pushed and pulled and held upside down by this skilful trainer of athletes.

Some of the most eminent physicians in France have watched Mme. Haguet put infants through a course of exercise devised by herself and tried out on many babies who have grown healthy and happy in her hands. Most of them agree that she has worked out her series of exercises scientifically and that her "patients" enjoy what she does to them.

As a matter of fact, the movements are not nearly so strenuous as they look because Mme. Haguet knows all about the bone and muscle structure of the very young and never subjects a baby to strain. She begins by pushing and pulling the legs, as shown in the two pictures at the left of the page. Plus holds the youngster tightly by the ankles.

This phase of the exercise stimulates the muscles of the legs, back and abdomen. It prevents constipation and strengthens the spine. It also stretches the legs so that they become straighter sooner than they would under normal conditions.

Most babies, she says, can stand a lot more exercise than they get, and passive exercise speeds their physical growth and gives them a better start in life. The manipulation, she has explained to physicians and to parents, helps circulation, builds muscles and induces normal digestion, and all but the most fragile of infants can take the exercises with benefit.

The youngster shown in the photographs is one of Mme. Haguet's most enthusiastic patrons. For the first time or two he registered objection to being lifted and swung and having his feet held higher than his head. But after that he caught on to the idea and enjoyed every minute of the performance. He even tried to walk on his little hands when his feet were held in the air and developed some splendid back muscles after a few weeks of training.

As the picture at the extreme right of the page shows, he learned to trace his arm muscles and tried to lift himself from the table.

The exercise never is carried on for more than a few moments, so that the infant hasn't a chance to become tired. Then, after the maneuvers, he is allowed to rest. The picture in the circle shows the young man beaming happily because he feels so good after his workout in the "gymnasium."

It is said that health officials of the French Government, although they probably won't put their official stamp on the methods of any doctor or health expert, are much interested in the experiments of Mme. Haguet because they are especially concerned with raising the health standard of the nation.

Probably the upset conditions in Europe have much to do with this intensified interest in the vigor of the rising generation because the youngsters of today may some time be called upon to take up arms and defend their country. It is also likely that the doctors feel that the healthier children are the better they can stand the privations of war, if and when war breaks out again.

Careful record is being kept of all youngsters, some of them boys and many of them girls, who are being passively exercised in the establishment of Mme. Haguet. It is believed that these records will show that the young patients grow faster and are generally healthier and happier than youngsters who are left to do their exercising on their own.

Mothers are warned not to try such stunts with their youngsters, ranging in age from five months to a year or more, until they have had a few simple but accurate instructions. Babies are more sturdy than the average person imagines, but it is easy to strain an infant unless it is properly handled. Mme. Haguet has taught many nurses how to hold babies.

The boy shown in the series of photographs was slightly underweight and suffering from a digestive upset when he was taken in hand, but in less than a month he was in the pink of physical condition, above the average weight for his age and cured of his stomach trouble.

Hazardous Daily Feats of the Blind Woman Daredevil

Above—Sonora Carver, Entirely Blind, Is Seen Diving, While Astride Her Horse, From a Height of Fifty Feet Into a Tank of Water. At the Right, She Is Seen Taking Her Blow After the Dangerous Act. The Tenseness of the Horse's Muscles Before the Splash Enables Her to Get Set for the Shock.

HUNDREDS of thousands of people have marveled at the skill and courage of Sonora Carver, the young woman who goes about the country making a fifty-foot dive into a shallow tank of water, while sitting astride a stocky calico horse. At dozens of fair and amusement parks the performer has risked her life and asked nothing but a fair reward for her stunt and the applause of spectators. Only her husband and a few of her close friends knew, until the other day, that she has been blind for more than a year, the result of a bad dive when her mount stumbled and both of them struck the water in an awkward position.

Even on that day, when she wasn't sure that the plunge hadn't broken some of her bones or injured her internally, she climbed out of the tank and took her bow. The spectators breathed easier and Sonora Carver walked back to her quarters to collapse on a bed and put in a hurry call for a doctor to examine her. The greatest pain seemed to be in her head, right across the eyes.

Soon after this mishap her sight began to grow dim. Glasses failed to help. As time went on she could not make out faces and was unable to distinguish one color from another. But she kept on with her act, assuring her husband, a trainer of horses who travels with the show, that she wasn't afraid of continuing to do her stunt because the horse was used to making the leap.

A few people with the traveling carnival knew that Sonora Carver was going blind. Some of them advised her to cash in on the affliction by having an announcer explain to onlookers that she was blind, having lost her sight while doing this daredevil stunt, for the amazement and amusement of the public.

But she refused to fall in with the idea and begged these friends not to mention her misfortune.

The fact of her blindness came out after she had made a series of appearances at a fair in Charlotte, North Carolina. She was examined by specialists in that city who told her that she has a double cataract which probably can be successfully removed by a delicate operation. They have given her hope that, when the wounds have healed, she will be able to see again.

Once she had made arrangements for the operation, her blindness became news, and she could no longer keep the secret. Many people traveling with the show, never had suspected that the star of the carnival was going through her stunt without benefit of eyesight. Mr. Carver had made the deception possible by taking his wife's arm when they walked in public.

"I knew," said the daredevil, "that there would be no sense to deceiving people once I had made arrangements to go into the hospital. But I don't mind now and I am happy in the belief that the day isn't far off when I'll be able to see my friends and the world about me again. It gets pretty lonely sometimes always living in the dark. If I had been born blind, I might not mind so much, but it's only about five years that my eyes have been troubling me.

"So many people have asked me why I didn't capitalize my affliction, and I think they were friendly in asking the question. But I couldn't bring myself to do it. In the first place, my act is sufficiently dangerous and thrilling in itself. It doesn't need any build-up. I think there are few people in the world, even with good eyes and strong physiques, who envy me my job, so why mention the fact that I can't see?

"Then, too, the public is skeptical, and rightly so. If an announcer ballyhooed the fact that the woman on the diving-horse was taking an extra chance because she was blind, many people would have doubted the statement and suspected the management of twisting the truth in the interest of showmanship. I think it was much wiser to say nothing of my hard luck."

Mrs. Carver has taken that fifty-foot plunge so many times that she has no fear of being hurt. The horse developed the habit of tensing his muscles the instant before he struck the water. And after Sonora Carver lost her sight her sense of timing was so accurate that she knew when the splash was coming.

The Cost of Dying Revealed in Court

THE point of a court in Tasmania, that little island just underneath the southern tip of Australia, listened to a strange case the other day and reserved judgment until he could pore through his books of law for some precedent on which to base a final decision. The suit was brought by a woman who claimed $235 for board and lodging supplied by her to relatives and friends of a Mrs. Frederick Jones, who recently died in the plaintiff's home. The lawyer for the plaintiff sarcastically called the case an example of the high cost of dying.

The plaintiff, Mrs. Merion Jillett, who lives in the town of Oatlands, explained through her attorney that she took Mrs. Jones in as a boarder. Mrs. Jones promptly fell into ill health and was told by physicians that she hadn't long to live. Being a kind-hearted woman, Mrs. Jillett said to the trouble of nursing a sick one of the dear woman's relatives of this unhappy state of affairs. And then things began to happen—things which just about cleaned out Mrs. Jillett's supply of working capital.

As set down in the papers of the suit, this is what happened: One day some after Mrs. Jones took to her bed, seventeen people came to see her and stayed for afternoon tea. When the patient was expected to die any moment an army of fifty relatives, old and young, swooped down on the Jillett home and filled the house to the last sofa and chair. They too had to have a bite to eat while they were there. The week before the sick woman actually gave up the ghost her whole immediate family arrived, bag and baggage, for which Mrs. Jillett had to pay. At least half a hundred relatives and friends showed up for the funeral and were served a dinner after the services.

Mrs. Jillett figures the goings-on set her back $235, figuring no pay for her time and trouble. She'll take in no more ailing boarders.

Onions Now Respectable

TO the farmers who raise onions the vegetable has never been in ill repute. On the contrary this pungent product of the soil is the chief source of income in many sections of the country and the men who grow onions and send them to market don't worry at all when vaudevillians and radio gag-men make jokes about the effect of the vegetable on the breaths of people who eat it in one form or another.

In Greely, Ohio, where tons of onions are grown every year, the onion is so highly thought of that an annual festival is held in its honor and a comely young woman is crowned queen of the onion harvest. It is a distinction that hundreds of young women hope to achieve, although few are chosen.

The photograph at the right shows one of Greely's prettiest girls making the onion not only respectable but glamorous by wearing a long string of the odorous "jewels" around her neck and sitting in a mound of the vegetables that cover her from her toes to her slim waist.

With the Inauguration of a National Movement to Popularize the Odorous Onion, Growers Decided They Needed a Beauty Queen, So in Greeley, Ohio, This Pretty Girl, With Her Onion Necklaces and Bracelets, Reigned On a Throne of Onion Boxes.

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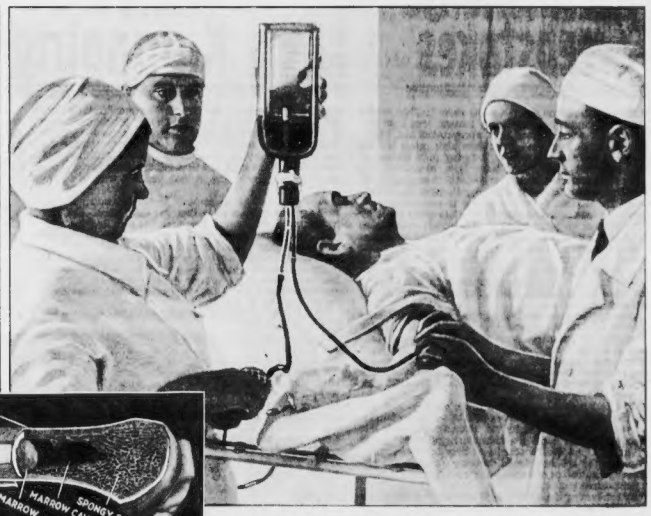
Living On Borrowed Blood

The Method of Blood Transfusion Where the Life Fluid Is Taken Directly Out of the Artery of the Donor and Pumped Into the Blood Stream.



The Commoner Method of Transfusing Blood From a Jar or Other Receptacle, Where It Has Been Held in Readiness—the Nurse at the Left Is Squeezing Air Into the Vessel to Force Out the Last Drops Into the Patient's Arm.

Diagram Showing the Red Blood Corpuscle Machinery in the Bone Marrow; It Is Here the Corpuscles Are Manufactured and Pass Through Tiny Vessels in the Bone and Into Circulation.

Mrs. Vick, Who Can't Make Any Blood of Her Own and Has to Be Filled Up Like an Auto Tank Every Two Weeks, Takes Her 79th Transfusion

FOR four years Mrs. Leo N. Vick, of Chattanooga, Tennessee has been living on borrowed blood. Every two weeks she must find someone willing to lend her one pint of Type 1 blood or about one week later she will be dead. She has had her blood replenished seventy-nine times and will soon be due for an eightieth transfusion.

Her disease is the rather-rare aplastic anemia which usually ends in death before eighteen months. Mrs. Vick lives on the edge of red-corpuscle bankruptcy because the average life of these red, disk-like things that roll in brilliance through the veins and arteries, is only three weeks.

As fast as a red corpuscle dies, it should be replaced by another, and so it is with normal people. Just as tattered and worn-out dollar bills are turned in at the bank for new ones, worn-out red corpuscles are turned in by the system, mostly to the liver. In return, brand-new ones are put into circulation but the liver does not make them any more than a bank points currency. The red corpuscle mints are in the red marrow of the bones, chiefly the shins and ribs.

Mrs. Vick's shins and ribs are not abundantly turning out the corpuscles, but not as fast as they are being turned in at her liver. The shortage is roughly 11%, and enough to cause a crisis every three weeks. She weighs 107 pounds, which means that her blood should be one-twelfth of that weight or about nine pints. To keep her system running, she must borrow one pint or about one-ninth of her red blood supply every three weeks. In order to feel well at all it has to be done every two weeks.

Anemia means bloodlessness, but even those who are dying of it usually have as much blood as they should but it lacks red corpuscles. Some persons have a rather low natural birth-rate of the red corpuscles which makes them look somewhat pale and be commonly called anemic, but if that is their normal condition—which means that their system has balanced for longest on this basis—they may live to be 100.

Others with a high corpuscle birth-rate are the red-faced, apoplectic-looking people who appear to have more red blood than is good for them—but most of these florid individuals tend to be short of breath, and Mrs. Vick's symptoms when her system starts crying for new blood indicate that they need their extra supply. One might imagine that those symptoms would creep on her gradually but it is quite the opposite. She says:

"There is no pain whatsoever, but I am suddenly seized with acute shortness of breath and I have a pounding in my ears, so loud that others can hear it if they place their ear next to mine."

The shortness of breath and ear-pounding is due to heart and lungs trying, by extra effort, to make up for a shortage of oxygen in the blood. The red corpuscles' job is to carry oxygen from the lungs to the remotest parts of the body and instead of returning empty, they carry back and dump in the lungs a cargo of carbon dioxid. The precious thing in them which makes this double task possible, like the gold in the dollar, is a substance known as hemoglobin. The strange part is that the symptoms come on so suddenly and yet perhaps it is to be expected because people breathe foul air for a long time and then get the accumulated effect all of a sudden.

"My blood is No. 1 type," says Mrs. Vick, "which theoretically is a privileged kind because my system is supposed to be able to use that or any other kind, but it did not work that way in my case. When this thing first came on me and a transfusion was an immediate necessity, my husband, who is not a No. 1, supplied the blood. I ran a high fever as the result until the next day when I had a transfusion from a Type 1 donor, and since then we have stuck to my own type."

A cow may be milked every day, but a blood donor might not to be tapped of his vital fluid oftener on an average than once a month; and therefore one was not enough for such a steady customer. Even if it is a month since he last donated, he may be unavailable for many reasons, such as being sick, out of town or busy getting married or divorced or even the fact that he had a few drinks the night before.

Mr. Vick, in hunting for donors tried his wife's relatives, but they proved to be the wrong type except one, a cousin, Willrail Burkhart, who has supplied blood for twelve transfusions. An appeal through the papers brought twenty-eight more volunteers.

Finding donors is less serious than finding enough veins on the outside of the body to let the blood in. Transfusing blood is not like giving a hypodermic injection where the needle can be jabbed through the skin most anywhere. This is an intravenous job. The surgeon must slip his needle inside of a vein but not through to the other side, so that the new blood mixes with the old and travels along without stopping or chilling.

Unfortunately a vein can rarely be used for this purpose more than once. The next time, the doctor usually finds that door barred because the vein has collapsed. He must find another, but the number is limited. Mrs. Vick's arms are already used up and much of her legs. Soon there will be nothing left of them to work on but the veins in her toes.

Mrs. Vick Reading to Her Son; Her Only Outward Difference From Other Mothers Is the Strange Whiteness of Her Skin and a Blueness of the Lips.

No Gloomy House Is the Vicks' in Spite of the Knowledge of Certain Doom That Hangs Over It, the Photograph Shows Mr. and Mrs. Vick and Their Children.

As a last resort there remain the veins in her neck. Dr. W. D. L. Record, the attending physician, though hesitating to discuss the case, stated that he was planning to transfer one of the branches of the jugular vein to the chest in such a way that it could be used repeatedly for transfusions without collapsing. He also said he was planning to examine the red marrow of her bones with a new medical device which he had recently brought back with him from Sweden. Dr. Record believes that his patient is the longest-lived case of aplastic anemia ever known.

This is how it feels to Mrs. Vick as she lies weak and panting for breath and the new vital fluid begins to steal through her blood vessels. She says:

"A transfusion is like a breath of new life! Suddenly, instead of feeling that I am stifling to death, as the blood is pumped into my vein, I take a deep, easy breath. It is the first easy breath I've had since the seizure of weakness.

"And then I taste ether! I told the doctors this every time, and they were incredulous. None of them could understand it, none of them had ever heart of such a thing, and none thought it any importance. Then they found the explanation:

"In preparing the glass container to hold the donor's blood before being transferred to my veins, of course it is first sterilized. Then, in order to keep the blood from coagulating, as it would naturally do in coming to contact with glass, they wash the bottle in a solution of paraffin and ether. It is from this small amount of ether left in the lining of the bottle that I get the taste for a few minutes after the transfusion."

The amount of ether in the paraffin mixture was insignificant to start with and only a small fraction of it got into the pint of blood it held. That pint mixed with eight other ones within Mrs. Vick's body, and yet when the first drops of the new blood found their way into the vessel supplying her mouth, they were still giving off enough ether so that it appeared in the saliva, which is made from blood fluids, and the taste buds on her tongue were able to detect it.

Mrs. Vick suffers no ill effect or bad reaction from the transfusion, but, as she says, feels at once "like a new woman." She is immediately strengthened, shortness of breath is gone, and she walks from the hospital with her husband to return home until the next transfusion is necessary. Without warning, the necessity for another transfusion makes itself known in about two weeks by another seizure of weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart.

During intervals between transfusions Mrs. Vick is not forced to take to her bed but does not attempt to do housework. She has not been confined to bed for eight months, she said.

"I spend my time knitting and crocheting and occasionally take an automobile ride. I read, I listen to the radio, I occasionally go to a show, and I have my family," she cheerfully commented. "My husband gave me a short-wave radio for Christmas and it's a lot of fun. I listen to the amateurs talking and gossiping and it keeps me from thinking about myself. That is good for me."

Plenty of red blood is supposed to be a sign of courage, but it would be hard to find anyone much braver than this little woman, forty years old, who cheerfully insists that the year 1937 is going to be a better year for everyone, including herself. In spite of what hangs over her, Mrs. Vick believes she gets more out of life than lots of healthy people. For one thing she has been married without clashes for twenty-one years with the same husband, a moving picture operator who has yet to project on the screen a story more dramatic and mysterious than the fortnightly staving off of death in his own family that has been going on since May, 1935. Mrs. Vick is the mother of two healthy children, Margaret, eighteen, and Bill, eleven. She is also raising the six-year-old son of her brother.

Nobody knows what caused her red corpuscle factories to suddenly slow their production rate to a fatal point. There are many unproved theories, such as that an infection somewhere in the body is giving off poisons that have weakened the corpuscle-producing machinery to that point. If so, it seems strange that it gets neither better nor worse.

Another possibility is that the red corpuscle birth-rate is controlled by one of the endocrine glands which is at fault, not putting in big enough orders. Something in the body is able to boost production in emergencies, such as after a hemorrhage, when the corpuscle factories work overtime until the blood count is back to normal.

Mrs. Vick is cheerfully sure that if she can only keep going long enough on this borrowed blood, that some morning Prof. Abrikn, of Japan, or Dr. Bombusoff, of Russia, will pop up with something as good for her trouble as insulin is for diabetes.

The sudden rebound from the edge of the grave to full strength and vigor in which Mrs. Vick shows temporarily no signs of her anemia except a strange whiteness of the skin and blueness of the lips, is much like the imaginary descriptions of how the mythical vampires felt after a meal of human blood. These were supposed to be dead persons who had the power of becoming very much alive between the hours of sunset and sunrise, but in order to keep up this ghastly nightlife they had to find the equivalent of donors and drink their blood at frequent intervals. If Mrs. Vick should drink her donors' blood it would do her no good at all.

"You are demanding my heart's blood," is an old expression that does not impress a blood donor much because all blood is heart's blood, and he sells his much cheaper than perfume and many other liquids. For instance, in France, the market price is $2; for one ounce more than a pint, and rarely does a donor average better than $25 a month. It has been found lately that under certain circumstances blood may be drawn from the dead, preserved in refrigeration and used for transfusion with as good results as from living to living. This is a method that has been used with considerable success in experiments made in Russian hospitals.

Though it is hardly a profitable business by itself, blood-selling has its advantages as a side-line because it requires neither training, education nor anything else except to keep in good condition and be ready to answer the hospital's call. The doctors take out the blood and he goes away with a small check and the knowledge that he probably saved a life and his bones promptly replace it. His shins and ribs are working for him.

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Girl Slaves Prizes In Strange Sweepstakes

FOR the past several months, white slave traffickers who deal in beautiful girls of many nations have been enjoying a winter based upon sweepstakes and lotteries, to entice their market and obtain high prices for the element of the human waifs. Offering girls instead of cash as capital prizes, they have been conducting the world's strangest sweepstakes in secrecy that despite the great number of persons and cities involved, has the nonplussed night life centers of Berlin, Paris, Brussels, London, Rome and Amsterdam.

According to the detectives assigned to tracking down the white slavers, the sweepstakes idea worked for the ring had regular routes throughout Europe which they encompassed in a systematic businesslike manner as if they were selling regular merchandise. Their stock in trade was a "salon portfolio" consisting of a series of photographs which intimately revealed the many charms of the beautiful girls who were offered as prizes.

Night club patrons, men about town, playboys and well known spenders were the most sought after customers. They would be approached by the solicitors generally late in the evening at some questionable night club. After their interest had been aroused and they had been sworn to secrecy, the solicitor would furtively produce the pictures for examination and then leave a book of tickets with the prospective purchaser.

"By conducting their business in this way," revealed one of the detectives assigned to the case, "it was very difficult to obtain any evidence. No money was collected by the solicitor. The purchaser himself might sign a fictitious name to the ticket and make the stipulation that in case he won, he should be notified at an 'accommodation' or post box address."

The same secrecy was maintained in the collection of the money and the drawing for the prizes. Ticket purchasers sent their ticket stubs together with payments to an "accommodation address" in Paris, the promoters of the sweepstakes thus maintaining their anonymity.

After working for several months without uncovering any clues, detectives in Paris had their suspicions aroused by the great quantity of mail from all over the earth which

Night Club Spenders and Men About Town Are the Customers. They Are Shown Books of Pictures of the Fair Human Prizes in the Strange European Sweepstakes.

arrived daily at the accommodation address. When they finally seized a sack of the mail they learned much about the activities of the ring although they have not as yet learned the identities of the principals who are the men higher up.

Upon examination it was discovered that the great majority of the letters were from ticket purchasers, most of the envelopes containing cash and ticket stubs. There were also several letters from girls who, having heard or learned about the sweepstakes and who, in a spirit of adventure, offered themselves as prizes in the next sweepstakes.

"I am seventeen years old and considered beautiful," was the opening sentence of one of these letters pulled from a mail bag near Vienna. "I would like to offer myself as a prize in the sweepstakes as my home is very dull. I would like to be sent to a rich man in America."

Other letters from girls, one of which was pulled from an ice jam far away as Australia expressed similar desires. The detectives thereupon concluded that the activities of the ring were not only worldwide in scope but that they had little or no difficulty in obtaining prizes for the strange sweepstakes.

One of the clues which were disclosed when the tickets were examined gave a paradoxical twist to the sweepstakes. Most people take chances on sweepstakes and lotteries in the hope of improving their financial condition but the exact opposite was true in the girl-slaves according to the terms of the lottery. If one of the ticket holders should draw a beautiful woman as a capital prize, or "grand" as she was referred to, he must, before he could take delivery, prove that he was wealthy enough to entertain his prize lavishly for a "reasonable" number of years. The ticket did not specify exactly how much money he would have to spend upon his prize nor define the word "reasonable". The ticket did say however that if the winner could not satisfy the promoters as to his financial responsibility or name a satisfactory substitute to receive the prize, he would forfeit his rights.

From the seized evidence, the detectives discovered that the ring had successfully operated at least two sweepstakes during the past year. The first grand prize seems to be the first was a beautiful young English girl and in the second, a winsome French miss. Both of these prizes were delivered to unknown winners while girls of other nationalities who evidently didn't rate quite as high in beauty were delivered as substitutes and consolation prizes.

"None of these girls who became prizes have approached the police as happens once in a while in ordinary white slave cases," one of the detectives ruefully admitted. "The stipulation that the winner must be able to entertain his prize on a lavish scale reveals the cunning of the white slave ring. As the prizes have both wealth and affection given to them, they undoubtedly are reluctant to complain."

Was Their Baby Carried Off By A Kidnaping Eagle?

PAPA and Mamma Probizert sit mournfully in their little farmhouse near Lasera di Trento, Italy, wondering if they will ever see their baby Olga Maria alive. Their nine-months-old daughter vanished completely. Either she had been kidnaped or, the story that Mama Probizert told was true, and the baby had been carried away in the claws of an enormous bird and in that case she was, of course, dead.

The people cling desperately to the kidnaping theory, for it offered greater hope that the child lived. But day by day, as no word came, they began to fear that the huge bird, which Mamma Probizert had seen high in the air on the day Olga Maria disappeared, really had carried off their baby to some mountain eyrie and slain her.

Before the strange disappearance the Probizert family had been three. Papa Giorgio cked a living for his wife and baby from a small farm he owned in Italy's mountain region, high up in the Alps.

It was harvest time in the fields and after finishing her

Looking Up From the Shadow of the Flying Bird, Mamma Probizert Saw, She Says, the Huge Bird Rising From the Ground Over the Spot Where She Had Left the Baby.

household duties for the morning, the farmer's wife would set out for the afternoon to help her husband was reaping by tying up the bundles of oats and barley. With her she would bring her baby, whom she would lay on a mound of newly mown hay near the edge of the field.

She had done this many times before and knew that the baby would be safe while she helped her husband.

Suddenly, one morning, she thought she saw a shadow move across the field. She looked up and in the next instant was seized with a fear that could not be controlled. She supposed it must be one of Signor Mussolini's new aeroplane scouts and returned to her work. Then she thought she heard a flutter of wings which, at first, she had imagined to be the whirring of a distant aeroplane motor.

Looking up again the terrified mother saw a huge bird rising from the ground not far from where she had left her baby. Shouting to her husband, Mrs. Probizert ran to the edge of the field but Olga Maria was not to be seen. Frantically she and her husband searched the tall grass and bushes, hoping the child might have crawled away.

High in the air the great bird was swooping and circling and then, heading for the mountains, it was lost to sight. In its claws was a white bundle.

The frantic parents could not believe that the eagle has swooped down, caught up the baby in its powerful claws and then carried it off to its eyrie. They searched all that day, but they found no trace of the child.

Next day they trudged among the uneven mountain road to the nearest town, where they told their story. Their farmhouse was miles from the nearest telephone or automobile highway.

Half an hour later there swung into action a remarkable rescue machine.

Army squadrons were called out to search every mountain crag and pass and to keep their powerful glasses trained on the sky in the hope that the vicious bird might be seen with its precious white bundle.

For miles throughout the mountain section alpine scouts and guides organized searching parties. Army and navy aeroplanes were called into service and communications were constantly maintained by means of a network of telephones which had recently been installed in alpine refuges. Each searching party carried a radiophone with which they could receive and transmit on ultra-short wave-length, thereby keeping in constant touch with headquarters.

The search was carried on for two weeks and then all hope of finding the baby was abandoned. The leaders of the search assured the parents that if the eagle had not already eaten the child, the young girl would certainly freeze to death in the cold mountain air.

Near the town of Mendoza, Argentina, a tragedy similar to the Probizerts' occurred not long ago. In this case Lazaro Delgado was carried away by a giant condor, a bird even more ferocious than the eagle.

Luis and Nanetta Delgado, the parents of Lazaro, had a little home and farm on the edge of a great valley near Mendoza. There are many knolls and foothills which lead from the Delgado property to the foot of the Andean range, called the Sierra de los Paramillos. There in a little garden in front of the farmhouse, and on the day that Lazaro disappeared the child the neighbor's child, Martin, and Ho, Lazaro's dog, were playing there. The Delgados felt their two-year-old son would be safe. There was the dog that had been taught to protect the little one and he had been well trained. He took his job seriously.

It was the busy season and the grapes in the vineyard must be gathered, and that was why Mrs. Delgado went to the vineyards with her husband. Upon the shaggy shoulders of Ho fell the responsibility of guarding the youngsters. But this day Ho did his best and failed.

Just how the child was carried off by the condor is not known except from what was gathered from the incoherent story of little Martin, who was frightened so that he could not give a clear account.

As the Delgados were nearly returning home after a day's work they saw a huge bird, high in the air and rapidly disappearing. The winged creature was too far away for them to see that from its talons there was dangling a strange white bundle. As they entered the garden they saw Ho, the dog, shivering under the porch of their home. "The animal was clearly perplexed."

Inside, his muzzle were quivering. Lazaro was gone. Martin was whimpering. "The bird, the giant man, took baby away to mountain." The parents made a thorough search until they convinced themselves that Martin must be right. Searching parties went out and in a short time, with the help of hunting dogs, the bird's nest was found with the child's body, picked and clawed to death.

But Mamma Probizert is not convinced that her baby is dead. She thinks that little Olga Maria is up there on some lonely mountain crag cared for by some huge, gentle bird who may not have had any young of its own.

Eagles, however, are seldom gentle and are amongst the fiercest birds of prey. They attack sheep, deer, rabbits and will often seize. Eagles have tremendous appetites and have been known to devour a calf, a sheep and a dog in a single week.

In late summer when snow begins to cover the Alps in northern Italy the great birds leave their nests in search of food in the lower and warmer valleys. Even full-grown cattle and horses have been attacked by eagles.

From remotest times the giant birds have been known to carry off human beings when the opportunity presented itself. In Greek mythology Ganymede, a child of great beauty, was carried away by the eagle of Jove, to become the cup-bearer of the gods.

Around little Olga such a legend is beginning to grow. Many of these farmers believe that some years hence a stately, lovely maiden will come down from the mountains to the world of civilization and to her parents, full of wonderful tales about the "mountain people," legendary folk living in the peaks, passes and glaciers of the Alps and whom she has served, like ganymede, as cup-bearer.

Mystery Of "Prophecies" By Arkansas Hens

WHEN Tom Clark's prize hen laid an egg with a message written on it superstitious mountaineers of Berryville, Arkansas, thought it was an "omen," especially since the message read "Landon in 1936." In the staunchly Democratic State of Arkansas this looked like treason and the prophetic hen seemed doomed for the pot.

Then, another buddy in a neighboring farmyard predicted the re-election of Roosevelt, written plainly on one side of one of her finest white ovals. It didn't take long after that for some of her sisters in other barnyards to predict a drought, the end of the world, and various other ominous warnings.

When the messages began to contradict each other the hill-billies no longer stretched their necks in bewilderment but started to look for a practical explanation. Some of the townsfolk declared that the whole business was a childish trick, but they had trouble in convincing some of those who had discovered an "omen" under one of their most reliable producers.

The mountaineers recalled old stories in which a message written on an egg had decided who should be elected in a local political contest. Old-timers could remember why young maidens who had been successfully wooed and won on the advice of an egg.

There seemed to be no way of proving that the messages were faked. They were set into the shells of the eggs and no amount of rubbing or erasing could remove the writing. Skeptics joked about the eggs but even they couldn't fathom the secret. The hill-billies accepted the general theory that the writing on the egg was not the work of the hen but the work of some supernatural agency. They quoted the Scriptures to each other about "the handwriting on the wall" of Belshazzar's court. Local preachers interpreted the signs for themselves and warned the people that a time was near when they would come to a reckoning for their sins.

Meanwhile a host of tourists and friends descended on Tom Clark, who ran a grocery store in Berryville and whose hen laid the first prophetic egg.

Grocer Clark, in between waiting on customers, took the trouble to explain that hens of his had had eggs with messages before. He declared, in fact, that "This hen is a direct descendant of a hen that predicted the Civil War and another that predicted the Spanish-American War. She herself predicted the World War."

When Clark's hen was examined and found to be about two or three years old and therefore couldn't possibly have predicted the World War, the puzzled citizens of

Local Preachers Interpreted the Egg Messages for Themselves and Warned the People That the Time Was Drawing Near When They Would Have to Reckon for Their Sins.

Carroll County begged to be told the secret. The grocer held out until he, too, grew tired of the suspense and then explained the simple process involved. He called his method, "kindergarten chemistry."

"Take an ordinary hen's egg and scratch on the shell with a toothpick or nutmeg grater the message you want to be inscribed. Then drop the egg into a jar of vinegar, where it should be left for two weeks.

"During that time the shell becomes as soft as the yolk. The egg is removed from the vinegar and the shell hardens again in a short time. When the shell resumes its natural hardness the message written in lard stands out plainly and cannot be erased or removed. The chemical action of the vinegar on the shell does the trick and acts like an engraving fluid on the shell, except on the part written in lard which now stands out in bold relief."

Grocer Clark confessed that he was not the originator of the trick but that he had learned it from some old hill country folk and had revived it as a joke which he played on his unsuspecting friends.

Hens are always being made the butt of some joke, ever since they first became famous with "Why does a chicken cross the road?" or the old Gay Nineties ditty, "Oh, the roosters they lay eggs in Kansas...."

The words of the song as well as the answer to the joke were probably a gross misstatement, although now and then Nature turns out a freak roster that cackles and produces an egg, but Kansas does possess a hen that surpasses the mythical rooster of the song and probably belongs to the same family of prophetic hens that Grocer Clark's baby does.

This hen lives at the poultry farm of the State College in Manhattan, Kansas, and lays eggs with messages enclosed inside her shell. There's nothing supernatural about her and it's not the work of a practical joker. All the credit goes to Robert E. Phillips, a graduate student in poultry husbandry at Kansas State College. The hen had nothing to do with it except to submit to a painless operation performed by Mr. Phillips with something of the skill of a clever surgeon.

He anaesthetized the bird and made an incision in its egg-making apparatus. A yolk on its way to form part of an egg was removed and in its place a hollowed out bottle cork with a message inside was inserted. The incision was sewed up. A shell formed around the cork and in twenty-five hours after the operation the strange egg was laid, without discomfort to the hen.

Many people saw the shells and thought that they had been cut with some extremely sharp instrument and then put together again. But the operation is very simple, according to Mr. Phillips and in 75 percent of the cases a complete success. When the shells didn't form around the corks, the hens laid the corks and didn't seem to mind a bit.

Braving Perils Of Nahanni Wilds For Legendary Gold

DEEP in the wilds of the Nahanni country, 200 miles northwest of Fort Simpson, far removed from the commercial companies that are exploiting the more accessible gold resources of the great North, a lone wolf is pursuing the secret of a fabulous lode only the Indians are supposed to know about.

He is Nels Bysegaard, giant Swede known as the Red Wolf of Nahanni Land, who left Edmonton, Alberta, at the close of the year to be first-up in the North.

Somewhere around Keele Peak, which sits astride the Great Divide, 200 miles west from Fort Norman over a series of razor-back ranges, Bysegaard is prospecting to plunder a rich gold lode, the secret of which, he claims, was revealed to him by Indians.

Very little is known on the "outside" about the mysterious Nahanni country. Capt. W. R. May, ace of the Canadian Flying Corps in the Great War and now a famed Northern flier, has flown a number of prospectors into the country and reported that they seemed to be making good "pay."

Hidden gold in the rough ledges of "Tropical Valley" has drawn many prospectors into the country since Willie and Frankie McLeod met a mysterious and violent death nearly 30 years ago. A Scottish engineer, who had accompanied the McLeod brothers, was traced to Vancouver where he had sold $5,000 worth of gold nuggets, but the trail ended there.

At least two other murders have occurred in Death Valley that part of the Nahanni country where the bones of the McLeod brothers were found. Phil Rosseby, a Yukoner, was killed about 15 years ago. Another Yukon prospector named Jorgenson was murdered and his cabin burned shortly before. A rifle and discharged shells by his side showed he had fought for his life. Angus Hall, of Mayortharpe, went into the Nahanni in 1929 and has not been seen since.

Three years ago Ed Clausen, trapper and prospector, discovered copper in Death Valley. Professor E. A. Corbell, of the University of Alberta, said the find undoubtedly indicated the progress of Asiatics into North America 20,000 years ago.

The murders have never been cleared up but the general belief is that the men were killed by hostile Indians who resented the invasion of their land or envied the gold the white men had recovered from the ground.

Starvation in the country is virtually impossible in Summer, owing to the abundant game, rich growth and profusion of edible berries.

Bysegaard carries no packsack and is one of the few men who can live off the country anywhere in the North. In his favorite haunts are caches, built on stout timber stilts.

Sub-Arctic Winters find him trapping white fox. Summers he spends hunting for gold. Only occasionally does he return to a Northern aeroplane for a trip to "outside" civilization.

Asked if there was not a good deal of "legend" about the Tropical Valley of the Nahanni, the Red Wolf, as called because of the deep sienna hue of his weather-beaten face, growled: "There's nothing to debunk about it. The valley has always been there just as the trappers say. Springs there are hot enough to boil an egg. Grain, gone wild since it was planted by the first men to build a shack in Tropical Valley and then disappear without leaving a trace, grows from eight to ten feet tall and seems ripens. The native grass is so thick and rich it is like groping through a stand of small timber."

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Why the Artists' Models Went on Strike

Remarkable Changes From the Old Days of the "Vie Boheme," When Life Was Always Carefree and Happy, and Nobody Had Any Money and Nobody Needed Any

THE ART STUDENTS' LEA
ON STRIKE
MODELS DEMAND A LIVING WAGE
MODELS DEMAND A LIVING WAGE
Students REFUSE TO WORK FROM SCAB MODELS

Miss Gwili Andre, Highest Paid Model in America, Who Gets $50 an Hour for Posing—But Has to Give Up All Fun to Earn It.

Striking Artists' Models Picketing the Art Students' League School Just Before They Were Taken Off to Jail; the Young Lady Just Above Carried a Completely Explanatory Sign.

Jessie Shanks, Another Highly Paid Model, Who Has Attained the "Necessary Fluidity and Grace to Achieve the Exotic Smartness Required for Modern Fashion Photography"—Something the Old Models Never Had to Strive For.

Quaint Old Illustration of What a Model Had to Put Up With in the Bohemian Days of Paris—No Heat, No Wages But a Place to Sleep and Eat In, If She Cooked the Meals.

Betty Williams, Recently Selected by Photographic Experts as Possessing "the Most Perfectly Proportioned Body."

THE recent strike of artists' models in New York revealed that these once shabby but romantic characters have changed in the last two decades almost beyond belief. The pretty Bohemian of the Paris Latin Quarter, who kept her figure because she rarely got enough to eat and was willing not only to pose but to sweetheart, cook, washerwoman and everything else, merely to share the heatless lodgings and scanty meals of a penniless artist in the hope of some day being immortalized as canvas Madonna or Venus, is gone.

Many of the New York models are unionized and thirty-six of them, men as well as women, were brought to court for flocking with locked arms like prisoners in the Art Students' League where they were on strike, demanding $1.00 an hour instead of 40 cents. Leonard Waggin, organizer of the union, says that many models average less than eight dollars a week. That is about eight dollars more than many of them averaged in Montmartre, before the war, but with the pre-war spending, wild romance, and at least something in the way of food and shelter.

Those union members might be called the left wing of the modeling profession which aspires to be crushed down, not by the machine age, but by the cruel camera and the new art cults, such as the cubists, futurists, surrealists, modernists and others who draw their "inspiration" not from a divine face and figure or even homely ones, but from a dead fish, a pair of fried eggs, an old shoe or a shot in the arm.

Also there are the right-wing models who have profited by these changes and are not on strike nor unionized. These are photographers' models who average $75 to $100 a week while one of them, Gwili Andre, gets $50 an hour and her prescribed time is "booked solid" for weeks in advance.

What a delightful, easy way to get rich, merely allowing her picture to be taken! The girls who are asking only a dollar an hour are not as envious as one might expect, for they know why she gets it and why, even if she resigned in their favor, probably none of them could take her place, though they might offer to work for nothing.

The first of many reasons is that the model for a painting or statue is not perfect from head to foot, nor is there any need that she should be. For instance, a girl with the proper general lines and a sufficiently spiritual face to pose for Madonnas and angels would not have to give up her specialty just because some temperamental artist happened to mar his beauty by giving her what is known in boxing circles as a "cauliflower ear."

This inappropriate desecration would not trouble future customers of her time at all. When they got around to painting that ear the model would bring in a friend, an ear-model, who might be elsewhere as fat as a butter-ball because the ear never gets fat. To a certain degree this is true of all parts of a model's body. The artist never paints anything with what he scornfully calls "photographic accuracy." He idealizes and changes for better or worse trying to bring out her soul, meet or magnificence, as he imagines it, even if there isn't any.

An artist's model cannot buy herself much dissipation on eight dollars a week but if someone invites her to a party, even though it lasts all night, she can probably do her work next day. The artist may make sarcastic remarks about the rings around her red eyes but he does not need to paint them in. The artist's model need not go to the expense of keeping her hair in the latest style of coiffure.

For Miss Andre and other photographic models all this is painfully different. There is no substitution for a "lineal" or any other imperfection. They must be pretty close to perfection all over or that heartless camera maliciously tells on them.

To be worth $50 an hour, Miss Andre must have eight hours sleep before she goes to work. She not only never dares to go to a party but if there is one in the vicinity sufficiently boisterous to spoil her rest, she may look all right to herself in the mirror but she knows that mean camera will tell on her.

She mustn't drink, she mustn't smoke, have insomnia, indigestion, colds or anything else the matter with her or she is not worth that price per hour. Week in and week out she must be in almost as strict training as an Olympic athlete. Miss Andre rarely sees a show or a movie because she must be in bed by 9:30 in order to be up, breakfasted and dressed, ready for an early appointment to be photographed in some new gowns rushed from a liner that crept in at dawn, and that must be seen in the evening papers. Even partners are shunned for fear of colds and other infections.

One of the mockeries of her life is that though photographers say she wears an evening dress more becomingly than any woman they know, and she always has a wardrobe of the latest and smartest, she is never up late enough to wear any except in the studio.

No wonder Mr. John Powers whose offices on Park Avenue, New York City, are world headquarters for the most perfect faces combined with perfect forms in the world says:

"A photographic model who makes $75 a week is no better off than a stenographer who makes $25 a week. After going over the costs and limitations of clothes and health imposed by this most exacting profession, he added:

"She must visit the hairdresser at least three times a week for her hair must be always in the latest style. A photographic model, far from being just a very attractive girl must have brains as well. If she were occupied in any other line of work, she would be classed as an eccentric, which does not hold true of the run-of-the-studio artist's model.

"When a photographic model goes into the beauty parlor she does not simply say: 'Do my hair attractively.' She must instruct the beauty expert in the manner in which she wants it done, she must know better than he does, for in many cases she is the girl who sets the style.

"The way in which a photographic model may wear a hat or coat or have her hair done can start a vogue when her picture appears, as has been proven many times in recent years. A few years ago Ethelyn Holt appeared in a cigarette advertisement wearing a peculiar type of mannish hat with a crushed-in effect. As a result, thousands of women flocked to millinery stores demanding hats 'like the girl in the advertisement.' There were no such hats on the market because she had made it herself, but millinery manufacturers then got busy, copied Ethelyn's hat and made a tidy bit of money as the result of the cigarette advertisement.

"Until six months ago Gwili was a $25 an-hour-girl. Then Metchen, the famous artist-photographer, made some photographs of her that were exquisite. Demands for her services began to pour into the studio. There were so many of them that the modeling fee was doubled. In spite of the $50 an hour price, however, the demand was continued. Her bookings were arranged long in advance and she worked at from eight to ten sittings a week, averaging about $1500."

Jessie Shanks, Frances Donsion, Frances Joyce, Mimi Richardson and Betty Williams are others in this category, who Mr. Powers said through long training "have achieved the necessary fluidity and grace to pose with the exotic smartness required in fashion photography."

Other photographic models are selected because of some especially desirable quality. Betty Williams, for example, was selected by a group of photographic experts recently as the young lady who had the most perfectly proportioned body. As a result she is in constant demand for bathing suits, hosiery and lingerie posing.

Betty Marr, another Powers model, has the kind of face which photographers refer to as the "collegiate type." Her face has appeared in many illustrations, especially in advertisements appealing to the younger set. So have Janice Jarratt and Ethelyn Holt.

The old-time Bohemian artists' model and, perhaps the modern union one, hoped for but seldom got a canvas or marble immortality which might last for many centuries. The camera model knows well enough that for her there will be no such embalming of her charms after death because they are printed on that short-lived substance—paper. Yet perhaps she achieves a sort of concentrated equivalent of immortality.

A trickle of visitors gazes upon Mona Lisa, every day the Louvre is open and thousands see her reproduction in art books, but millions see Miss Andre's face and form every day in the year. It is not impossible that before her career is over she may have been admired as many times as Mona Lisa will be when that famous work is turned or falls to pieces with age. Paper immortality may be greater than canvas immortality.

Until after the World War the artists' models of Paris and most other art centres, though wretchedly underpaid, were at least good looking in one way or another. A model might have a face that would hardly do for Helen of Troy and her torso might be nothing to rave about but, if so, you could be sure that she had a perfect pair of legs. These were enough, because in sculpture or painting they could be divorced from the rest of her anatomy and united with correspondingly perfect parts of other models. Except for occasional character studies there seemed no fear of competition from people who were hideous or even homely from head to foot.

All this was shockingly changed by the artist Ottman, painter of beautiful women. In despair of finding an ideal or a model sufficiently beautiful for the coming Spring Salon, he went slumming in various parts of Paris and happened to meet La Goulue (the voracious one) a fat, old woman doing an elephantine dance in a restaurant kitchen. Once La Goulue had been a famous beauty, but now the artist realized that in all his life he had never seen a woman with face and figure wrong in so many ways. The painter of beautiful women was first horrified then fascinated and ended by engaging her as his model.

Other artists seeing her grotesque form growing on his canvas thought Ottman was crazy, but when the painting proved the sensation of the salon they decided that he was a genius and everyone began imitating him. This caused an unheard of demand for the worst-looking specimens of both sexes who were quite modest and slow in realizing their good fortune.

The result was that for a while the foremost models were as ugly as that gnarled, toothless hags were getting more money than they had ever received. Soon the supply of villainous-looking specimens more than equaled the demand and the hideousness market collapsed, but then something worse happened. The unfortunate beauties found that there were hardly any jobs left for pretty women. The fad for these canvas comic Valentines largely passed, but the new cults continued to cut into the modeling business by using still life or nothing at all for models. In New York City there is little left for the old-time artists' models in modern art schools.

In the old days the artists and models were pretty serious people, and it was not until the tourists began to discover Paris during the war that the Latin Quarter became a rowdy place. Before the war Montmartre and Montparnasse were just inexpensive places to live in Paris, and the old house seemed more or less adapted to the ways of an artist's life. Drugs were not used widely and there was a certain decorum in the profession of being an artist. The wild sex-filled parties that occur today were unthought of then.

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ENTIRELY NEW LIGHT ON BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

The "Handwriting On the Wall" Translated at Last as a Symbolic Mathematical Formula; Belshazzar Never Was King of Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar Was Not His Father

The Only Known Picture of Nebuchadnezzar, a Babylonian Boundary Stone Containing His Figure—But It Is Now Declared That Nebuchadnezzar Was Not Belshazzar's Father as the Biblical Account States.

A Sumerian Stylus, the Oldest Pen in the World, But Whether the "Fingers of a Man's Hand" Used This to Make the "Handwriting on the Wall" the Biblical Account Does Not Say.

"Belshazzar's Feast," a Painting by C. Otto, a Distinguished German Artist, Who Gives a Vivid Idea of the Consternation That Spread Around the Banquet Table After the Diners Saw the Handwriting on the Wall.

"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

THE story of King Belshazzar's feast as told in the Biblical Book of Daniel is "treasured history," according to Professor Solomon Gandz of Yeshiva College, New York.

The fingers of a hand, writing on the palace wall those four words of doom, and frightening the King of Babylon in the midst of his feast to 1,000 of his nobles, his wives and his concubines, is so famous that the phrase "handwriting on the wall" has become imbedded in literature for all time. It is probably the origin of the word "handwriting" because until the recent invention of the typewriter there never had been any other kind of writing.

One of the most dramatic scenes in the Old Testament, it has been acted upon by artists and remembered by Sunday school children to the end of their lives. But even the children were often puzzled by one seeming slip in the narrative. Biblical scholars say that one, and also so many others that for a number of years all sorts of antiquity experts have been following their own special trails, deep into the past to straighten things out.

Historians plowed through dusty archives, archeologists harrowed beneath the ground and philologists mined their way through a forbidding jungle of words that have been dead 2,000 years. Finally all have come together about the same conclusion of what really happened and how the account became so curiously confused.

Passing from courts to nobility in the only way that most history can show the ages in these days, the most vivid events of nearly a century grew more and more condensed or telescoped, until finally they were boiled down to one memorable night. Patiently the experts went to work, putting back the "water of time" which had been boiled out, thus expanding that one night to the true historical size of nearly a century and now they know the true facts better than anyone did even 100 years after they happened.

Briefly, the Biblical account is that Belshazzar, ruler of the powerful empire of which Babylon was the capital, was holding a great feast in his palace. For some reason, perhaps because such royal parties tended to become what modern people would call "rough," the Queen was not present though the King's many wives and his concubines were all there, "sitting it up." In the midst of all this wine, women and song, the King and those near him saw something that would scare almost anybody. As told in the Book of Daniel, Chapter V, it was this [illegible]

5. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

6. Then the king's countenance was changed and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

Belshazzar cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, Chaldeans and soothsayers, a corps of food entertained at public expense, to explain just such occult things as this. They were learned men, versed in all sorts of mystic writings, rubrics and symbols, readers probably knowing such glittering mornings of morrow as anyone knew in those days. There was also something of a "racket" as might be expected because for a consideration, they could play a trick like that, give whatever interpretation the letter wished and which the King would hardly dare go against.

But this was no trick, at least of intent, because, though the worried Belshazzar offered to clothe in scarlet, with a gold chain around his neck, and make a third ruler of the kingdom anyone who could interpret the phenomena, nobody could even read the words. Now the King was frightened more than ever and his consternation spread through the guests, ruining the party. The news reached the Queen who entered with the dutiful salutation:

"O King, live forever."

Then she told him about Daniel, the despised prophet who had been so highly regarded by the King's father, the great Nebuchadnezzar, and who could explain everything. Why neither the King's father nor his Queen had called Belshazzar's attention to such a valuable individual and put him on the palace payroll, is not made clear, but he was sent for now in a hurry. Scorning the princely reward, Daniel read the words as easily as if they had been newspaper headlines.

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

The prophet then went on to interpret the words in the breathless throng as follows, the Book of Daniel recites:

26. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

27. TEKEL: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

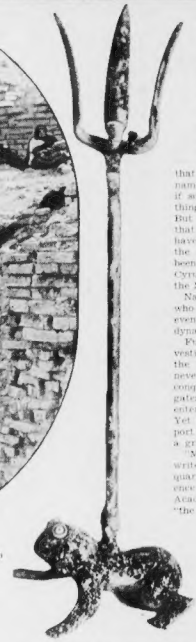
28. PERES: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.

For this bad news the King insisted on forcing upon Daniel the reward perhaps hoping that the prophet would somehow get his prophecy changed. But it was of no avail because the chapter ends with:

30. In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.

31. And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

Parts of the Wall of the Temple of the Earth Goddess in Babylon Which Archeologists Believe Was the Very Hall in Which the Handwriting Appeared.



A Candlestick of Gold and Lapis Lazuli Found in the Ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace and Probably Similar to Those Which Lighted the Famous Feast.

Every reader notices at once the singular fact that Daniel, when he interpreted the sentence, left out the resounding word, UPHARSIN and substituted the weaker-sounding PERES. But, in hunting that slip down to its underground lair they unearthed much more serious ones.

For one thing, Nebuchadnezzar, now spelled Nebuchadrezzar, never had a son named Belshazzar. That was singular, because the Queen had mentioned her royal father-in-law by name and Daniel, in his preliminary scolding to the King before reading the words on the wall, had reminded him how Nebuchadnezzar had worshipped the wrong gods until the right one made him go crazy and eat grass like the oxen. Everyone in Babylon certainly knew who the King's father was.

Digging up more and more inscriptions, the archeologists were able to put together a complete list of all Babylon's rulers and when they reigned. This proved that never had there been a King named Belshazzar. At first it looked as if someone had invented the name, a thing that rarely happens in tradition. But more digging unearthed the fact that the very last King, Nabonidos, did have a son named Belshazzar, who was the crown prince and would have been king if Babylon had not fallen to Cyrus the Persian, and not to Darius the Mede, as the Biblical account has it.

Nabonidos, incidentally, was a usurper who ascended the throne but did not even belong to the Nebuchadnezzar dynasty.

Further to mix things up for the investigators, the last King, Nabonidos, the real father of Belshazzar, who never reigned, was not slain by the conqueror Cyrus. The city opened its gates to Cyrus' general, Gobryas, who entered without any bloodshed at all. Yet both Xenophon and Herodotus report that Babylon was captured during a great feast.

"Most probably," as Professor Gandz writes in the December issue of Isis, quarterly organ of the History of Science Society and of the International Academy of the History of Science, "the story of the siege and capture of Babylon by Cyrus is only a reflection into the past of the actual siege undergone by that city in the reign of Darius Hystaspis. It was Darius who first, in 521 and then in 515 B. C. had to besiege and recapture Babylon from the hands of two pretenders who rose against him. This will explain why, in the Book of Daniel, Darius and not Cyrus, is mentioned as the conqueror of Babylon. The conquest of Darius, as the later more bloody and spectacular one, remained in the memory of the people."

Belshazzar mistakenly got his name on the front page of history because he really was an important personage and logically should have been, but for some reason was not, one of the two men who for a brief period, regained control of his father's lost kingdom. Both pretenders shamed to be sons of Nabonidos, but neither was Belshazzar.

Professor Gandz says that "the story of the profanation of the golden vessels taken from the Temple at Jerusalem and the mysterious oracle written on the wall are two highly dramatic details added by the Hebrew story tellers. Essentially the story seems to be based on historical facts, only that persons and events belonging to different times are mixed up in the dim memory of oral tradition. As Sayce says, 'It is a history which has no perspective though it is based on actual facts. The accurate calculations of the chronologer have no meaning for it.'"

The authors of the Book of Daniel received their material from the mouths of professional story-tellers who in turn, had received it from others. They were not mere entertainers but men who took the place occupied now by newspapers, magazines and the radio, bringing to an illiterate world not only the most accurate version of history available but the latest news of the present, always with a little propaganda thrown in. With each generation they followed the law of literature to be brief, leaving out the less interesting characters and events. Whatever it was that Belshazzar really did do got lost in this process, but his was the luck to have a name enbalmed forever in events in which he really took no part.

The story-tellers lived on donations, and therefore at the end of the story was inserted a mention of Belshazzar's magnificent reward as a gentle hint that the principal dignitary in the audience should likewise open his purse liberally to the poor story-teller.

Now for the message and its interpretation. This was a trap that could only be followed by a philologist, expert on words. The writing must have been in the characters of an unknown tongue or someone among the King's learned men would, at least, have read them off to him. Daniel translated them into the Babylonian language which everyone understood. They were nothing more nor less than headings of the child's arithmetic lessons. ADD, ADD, MULTIPLY (or WEIGH), DIVIDE. The Babylonians did not understand subtraction.

Evidently two versions reached the Hebrew writers—one with the last word, UPHARSIN and the other PERES. Unable to decide which word was actually used by the Divine Hand, they contrived to keep both.

Daniel's interpretation was the important thing. MENE, count or add up, he said, meant that God had added up all the days there were to be in the kingdom.

Under TEKEL (or SHEKEL a coin) came weighing and paying off as well as multiplication. In this final settlement the King's deeds had been weighed and found short-weight.

UPHARSIN (DIVISION AND FRACTIONS) was interpreted by the prophet as indicating that the King's empire was to be divided, presumably by the Medes and Persians.

It does not seem very important whether PERES was the orthodox, last word or not, because it means BREAK and therefore could mean the same as UPHARSIN.

"Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man"—At Her Party

Mrs. Albertini, Wealthy American Woman, Criticized for Her Extravagance, Plans Another Bigger and More Astonishing Feast That Will Dazzle London

Mrs. Albertini, Seated in a Throne-like Chair in Her Luxurious London Home.

Mrs. Nora Reynolds Albertini, Wealthy American Woman, Who Answers Criticisms of Her Expensive Parties by Planning One for Everybody.

An Old Painting Depicting a Feast of Lucullus, *the Roman Aristocrat, Who Made an Art of Parties, and Whose Lavishness Has Seldom It Ever Been Surpassed in Modern Times.*

A Portion of the Tunis Scene, Erected for Mrs. Albertini's Now Famous Party, and, Below It, a Typical London Street Crowd, Picturing One Kind of Guests Who Will Attend the Next Big Party Mrs. Albertini Holds.

LONDON, Feb. 6.

MRS. NORA REYNOLDS ALBERTINI, wife of American citizen and millionaire J. Reynolds Albertini and sister of Reginald Fenley, is a female Lucullus. She believes in giving fêtes and parties like that famous Roman host and like him she does not care what they cost.

Last October she threw a party at the Albertini home, Bishopsgate, which is in Windsor Great Park, just a stone's throw from Fort Belvedere, last residence in England of ex-King Edward VIII. It was a great party and it cost J. Reynolds Albertini well over $5,000, but it also cost Mrs. Nora Albertini the vagueness and trouble of a libel action. She brought it against an English weekly paper which said:

"The other night a very rich woman gave a lavish party to hundreds of her friends. Choice foods were eaten, Crofts' sixties at 2 every conceivable variety were drunk. No doubt this display of opulence was an exquisite salve to the hostess's vanity. No doubt members of her guests were amused though it is equally possible that many of them despised the whole business. The truth needing emphasis is that the money could have benefitted a far larger and more needy class of people. Their sole sense of duty people owe to fashion the world with their wildly extravagant amusements."

Mrs. Albertini lost her libel action on the ground that the judge found the newspaper comment was fair and honest conveyed without malice. But in losing her action she gained a lot of new friends. They were the people who wrote to her agreeing with her view that such parties put money into circulation. They are of all classes and types in England and one she is going to give another party during Coronation Week next May on a bigger scale than ever to these new found friends.

They will be a well-mixed bag. Railway guards, necrophyseal men, laborers, clergymen, artists and doctors with their wives, will be the guests at this bunny home in the Great Park of Windsor, historic domain of Kings of England since the reign of Henry V.

Mr. Reynolds Albertini does not care how many parties his wife throws. He does not care who she invites, so long as she does not invite him. For Mr. Reynolds Albertini, grandson of an American railway millionaire, hates parties and never attends them. He did not attend the party that led to the libel action and caused more ballyhoo in English Society than anything except the Sunderland House gaming party last year.

Five hundred guests turned up at the last party. They found that the gardens of Bishopsgate had been turned into a representation of a moorish street in Tunis, Northern Africa. The 21-year-old Mrs. Billy who is going in for theatrical entry designing, had constructed white walls and dark alleys and archways, lilac shaded shops, and through an orange grove the trees and the oranges were real though they do not grow normally in England—the guests spied minarets and gleaming domes.

In the shops and recesses were luxurious divans and oriental stools inlaid with mother of pearl (the furnishings were not included in the $5,000 and they probably set back the Albertini bank balance a further $10,000), and little red and blue hanging lamps of wrought iron shed glamorous light on the guests while they sipped their Turkish coffee, wines and liqueurs.

The guests included the Indian potentate, the fabulously wealthy Maharajah of Rajpipla, Sir Algernon and Lady Aspinall, well known in Court circles, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Prince Nicolas Troubetzoff, Sir Mark Dalrymple, Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, well-known socialite, and Lady Kavanagh, and while they were entertained by their hostess, the hostess's husband, Mr. Reynolds Albertini, was in the bar parlor of a Windsor tavern, attired in old tweeds and flannel trousers, playing the democratic game of pitching pennies with Jim Beckett, ex-professional heavyweight boxing champion of Great Britain.

Languorous eastern music was dispensed by London's most expensive, crack band but through the soft melodies there was a perpetual tinkling music of another kind. It came from dangling jewels worth hundreds of thousands of dollars worn by the women guests. They had donned their family heirlooms and bedecked themselves in the knowledge that Mrs. Reynolds Albertini would be wearing one of the finest displays of jewelry in the world.

She did. Auburn haired and blue eyed and wearing a wonderful creation of white and silver, she was ablaze with emeralds and diamonds. Round her neck were rows of pearls that once adorned another neck that was severed by the guillotine's knife, that of Marie Antoinette. Mr. Reynolds Albertini bought them from the estate of the Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III. A diamond tiara, graced the auburn hair and the bracelets of diamonds she wore ran from her wrists to her elbows.

Six hundred bottles of vintage champagne were drunk by the guests who feasted off tablecloths of satin with every table implement in solid silver, and while they ate or danced or reclined on the divans, detectives, like walking anachronisms, flitted in and out of the orange groves watching like hawks to see that nothing untoward happened to the hundreds of thousands of dollars of precious stones.

Inside Bishopsgate itself, the house that belonged to Lord Marcus Beresford and was once a Royal shooting box for the forest of Windsor, a modern cocktail buffet was set out with a background of priceless Gobelin tapestries and fine old paintings, while from outside in the gardens transformed into a scene in Tunis came the 'pop' of corks from champagne bottles being opened as continuously that it sounded like a machine-gun company at work.

This then was the setting and decor of the party which led to the libel action over which half of England took sides. Mr. Reynolds Albertini said:

"I fully agree with my wife over this party although I wasn't there. I believe these affairs make the money go around. They give employment to lots of folk. For my own part, give me the simple life. All I want is to keep fit and get as much open air as I can."

Mrs. Reynolds Albertini said:

"I cannot understand why they picked on me," meaning the newspaper article. "Surely mine was not the only party given last year."

"I have no regrets and believe I have done my duty. I shall not appeal against the decision because I am going to the United States very shortly and it would hold me up. I cannot for the life of me see why I should not be allowed to give a private party without being criticized, and I shall give a society one as soon as I get back."

"My husband does not mind how I spend money. He is an American and I spend American dollars. I am under no obligation to spend them in England but I love England and like spending them here."

Mr. Justice Swift, who tried the libel action, said that Mrs. Albertini had been "cruelly attacked" but at the same time he ruled that what the newspaper had said was not only true but that it was fair comment.

Then followed a shoal of letters such as not even the millionaire establishment of the Albertinis can ever have known. Mrs. Albertini showed a number of them to the "American Weekly" representative. They have come from out-of-work miners, bricklayers, navvies, from clergymen, solicitors, ex-soldiers and railwaymen and it is because of what these people have written to her that Mrs. Albertini decided that she would make the Coronation Week an occasion for a party that might still include Maharajahs, Princes and Princesses, Lords and Ladies and other Socialites, but would also number among its guests men and women who had never seen a champagne bottle except in the window of a wine dealer.

Mrs. Albertini says it is going to be some party. A bigger and better party even than the Tunisian one. She feels that even the people who have never indulged in any of the luxuries which she and her former guests treated as quite normal have justified her in her claims that she was not unduly extravagant.

Mr. Albertini says: "O. K. by me, honey. I don't mind you giving another party as soon as you like so long as I don't have to go."

The female Lucullus is keeping the scenes and setting of the next party a secret. Bishopsgate being near Windsor Castle, it is probable, however, that the out-of-work people who will be among her guests and will mingle with silken-gowned women wearing jewels the price of which would keep an unemployed's home in rent and food for a year or two will find themselves just across green swards and ancient oak dotted lands from the new King and Queen on the evening that Mrs. Albertini throws her keenly anticipated "mixed party."

Apart from a small number of her own friends, every single one of her guests will be a complete stranger to Mrs. Reynolds Albertini that night.

But even with as many guests as she has invited to her next party, and no matter how lavish she may make it, Mrs. Albertini would have to drop a sizable fortune to equal the amount lavished on parties by some of the world's greatest spenders.

Barbara Hutton, now the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, is one of the wealthiest women in the world, and when she gives a party it is usually quite an affair. Formerly the five-and-ten-cent store heiress was married to Prince Alexis Mdivani, killed not long ago in a motor-car accident in France. During her marriage to the Prince, Barbara gave one party that still is remembered in Paris. Newspapers at the time said the French capital had seen nothing like it since the days of kings. It was estimated that Barbara spent more than $35,000 to entertain her guests at a farewell party for the Prince, who was off to India to play polo. It wasn't a very good investment, for she got a divorce a short time later.

But even Barbara was a piker compared to the famous Diamond Jim Brady, whose gargantuan appetite and wild parties had a lot to do with making the "gay '90s" gay. It was Brady's habit to tuck thousand-dollar bills under the plate of each pretty showgirl who attended his feasts, and one party, given to celebrate the winning of a race by one of his horses, cost Jim $100,000 for food, liquor, entertainment and favors.

The famous Marquise Casati, an Italian beauty, described as the most daring and extravagant woman in Europe, which takes in a lot of territory, was another of the world's fanciest party-givers. At Le Vesinet, then her palace near Paris, the Marquise held a ball shortly after the World War, which all the French marshals attended. She called it "The Bal Cagliostro." No one could have said the party was a shady affair, because the lighting bill alone was 120,000 gold francs, equal to $24,000 pre-Roosevelt dollars. Other odds and ends in connection with the fete lugged at the Marquise's pocketbook for nearly $100,000 more. One of the Italian beauty's stunts to keep a party livened up was to appear leading a pet tiger or a pet leopard. It always created excitement among the guests, but it is questionable whether it added to their enjoyment, despite the fact the snarling beasts were leashed with golden chains. Unfortunately for the Marquise, however, she spent so much money on swanky parties, loves, exotic pets and servants that she finally went broke.

Mrs. Evalyn McLean, whose father made a fortune from Colorado gold mines, startled Washington, D. C., society recently when she held a party to celebrate the coming of age of her son, "Buddy." More than 1,000 guests attended, and Mrs. McLean wore her famous Hope diamond—one of the most valuable gems in the world. It was reported the party cost $50,000.

The debuts of wealthy society girls are usually in the expensive party class, costing thousands of dollars for music, flowers, food and liquor. Competition among debutantes is keen, and their parents spend huge sums of money seeking to outdo the splendors of the parties given to introduce other girls to society. One girl whose father was an official of a steamship line had her debut aboard an ocean liner. Many social debuts have cost $50,000 or more.

EATERS DIGEST

Send in Your Pet Recipe—See Reward Below

GRAND MANOR

When a gourmet dines
On squab and wines
That Soup—I'd venture to suggest—
Is Heinz!

QUICK WATSON—THE NOODLE!

Suppose you have only one can of Heinz cream of green pea soup in the house some Sunday tea-time—when in pop two or three unexpected friends! Praise heaven, you've also a can of Heinz noodle soup—with tender bits of chicken in it!—that you were planning to have for tomorrow's lunch! But never mind .... Quick, Watson! Open that can of noodle soup, too. Put both the noodle soup and the cream of pea soup in the double boiler. Give them a stir. Then let them get nice and hot . . . and you've got something!

R. W.—Manhattan

TINVENTION

An adventurous foodster, Mrs. H. G. S., of Detroit, recently found herself hostess to four instead of the expected two for dinner. She had planned to preface her repast with Heinz cream of tomato soup, only one tin of which stood ready to hear. Without hesitation she opened also a tin of Heinz cream of green pea soup, poured it into the pan with the cream of tomato, and served Purée Mongole! It proved so delectable and so productive of praise that since then, she has married many a Heinz home recipe soup to many another, with highly delightful results.

$5 REWARD If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, send them to me. You'll get a check for five dollars and a certificate of honor with your name on it if your idea is used in this column. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Dept. 33, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DUNK ROAST

A savory SOS for leftovers is suggested by H. J. S. of Seattle, She cuts remnants of left-over beef, pork, ham or veal into quarter inch slices, dunking each piece in a cup of Heinz cream of tomato soup and then in a cup of bread crumbs. The meat is fried in hot shallow fat until golden brown and seasoned to taste. Mm—mm—mm!

—Demi Tasse

Soups . . .

THAT TOOK THE COUNTRY BY FLAVOR!

IN five years Heinz home-style soups have swept to a commanding position in the nation's esteem.

We started with 4 kinds and now there are 22! We began by making *a few good soups* and quickly discovered that we had also made *millions of good friends.*

Thank you, Mrs. and Mr. America, for this spectacular success! You made these grand, old, home-like Heinz soups what they are today *by wanting "something better" and asking for just that kind.*

You wanted a rich, old-fashioned chicken noodle soup, for instance—*because you told us so in thousands of letters.* And Heinz chefs in originating a ready-prepared soup of this type, won your applause. You cheered, too, for Heinz Cream of Mushroom, first and most popular of its kind.

You wanted the tasty kind of bean soup they make up New England way—tasty to the last hearty spoonful with delicately pureed navy beans and tasty bits of savory ham.

So we scoured the nation—north, east, south, west—for revered old-time recipes. Secured the world's supreme soup chefs, and permitted them, with choicest ingredients, to make our soups the good home-kitchen way—*your* way—in small open kettles.

Get a supply at your grocer's now. They're treasures in tins—every tempting one! And ready to heat and serve. No work—no worry.

"Tagged-out" husbands rise up and cheer when a steaming plate of Heinz Chicken Noodle Soup comes to the table! A delectable broth with tender morsels of chicken and Heinz-made egg noodles.

Listen to
HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR!

Full half hour Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, Columbia Network. Famous guest stars—music—drama—Heinz on fashions, figure and food! Tune in day-time's finest radio program—especially for women!

Above: Scene from "Trouble House," dramatic radio serial by Elaine Sterne Carrington. *At right:* Reed Kennedy, famous baritone.

Phoebe and Harvey, characters in "Trouble House," prepare a meal with HeinzFoods.

Trained chorus features your favorite melodies, accompanied by H. A. Rolfe's music. Tune in to the radio program that entertains, educates.

Famous "one-course" meals for children are Heinz Vegetable Beef Soup and Scotch Broth. Hungry boys and girls find them delicious and satisfying. And when bridge luncheons are in order, what more appropriate first course than Heinz Cream of Mushroom or any of the six other cream soups by Heinz!

To the gayest occasions Heinz Soups add a festive note. Popular with everyone are the three Heinz Chicken Soups—Chicken Gumbo, Chicken Noodle and Chicken with Rice. You're sure to find your favorite among them!

22 DELECTABLE KINDS

CONSOMMÉ
CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE
VEGETABLE SOUP
VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP
CORN CHOWDER
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP
CLAM CHOWDER
BEAN SOUP
CREAM OF SPINACH
CREAM OF MUSHROOM
CREAM OF OYSTER
CREAM OF ASPARAGUS
CREAM OF GREEN PEA
CREAM OF CELERY
CREAM OF TOMATO
PEPPER POT
SCOTCH BROTH
MOCK TURTLE
ONION SOUP
CHICKEN GUMBO (CREOLE)
GENUINE TURTLE SOUP
CHICKEN WITH RICE

57

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT YOUR GROCERS

Heinz HOME-STYLE Soups

T K 78

Richest of All Royal Exiles, the Former German Emperor Spends His Last Days as a Country Squire, Chopping Wood and Feeding His Pet Tame Ducks, Depressed Over His Hungry "Vaterland"

The Evenings Are Very Quiet in the Castle and the Kaiser Is Fond of Reading Aloud While the Empress (on the Left) and Princess Henriette von Schoenaich-Carolath Listen With Great Patience

Every Day the Former Kaiser Wanders Over His Estate Feeding the Ducks, Geese and Other Animals, and Does a Little Wood Chopping

Add nourishment to any salad

WITH WALNUTS

the best **NUT BARGAIN** *of the year*

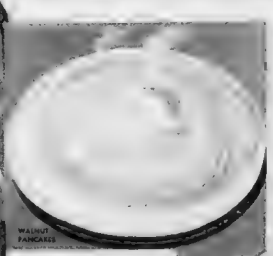
"Peach Quickie"

THE WALNUTS ADD REAL FOOD VALUE

To help you find out how much nourishment Diamond Walnuts can add to everyday meals, grocers are now featuring separately or in combination, all the ingredients needed for "Peach Quickie," shown here. Ask your grocer about this natural food bargain.

Here is the simple recipe. Quick-mince, arrange pears, golden-canned peach halves, cut side up. Combine cream cheese and chopped Diamond Walnut kernels in pear centers. Dot with and garnish with plenty of real mayonnaise and Diamond Walnut halves.

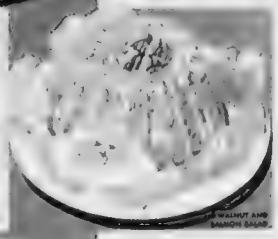
And look at all the extra goodness and flavor they add — — to all these cold weather dishes



From alarm clock time on a wintry morning until pantry raids at bedtime, Walnuts can show you hundreds of quick, clever ways to make your cooking better.

Like Walnut Pancakes for a starter. Light and fluffy under a deluge of butter and syrup. Just twice as good because they're filled with chopped Walnuts.

The same goes for Walnut waffles, biscuits, doughnuts, muffins, too!



And when winter mornings whistle bleak, be generous with chopped Walnuts in your Salmon, tuna, shrimp, cheese, fruit or vegetable salads. All Lenten favorites.

And if you're trying to make your budget meal more filling, more healthful, go heavy on Walnuts.

They're *mentholated* body building food, providing sunshine elements and priceless minerals too often lacking in winter menus.

What Walnut doctor Maple Walnut Cake never fails to cure everybody of sweet tooth. Dream of tipped Walnuts in soft golden blankets on the icing.

Why not make *all* your cold dishes better than ever . . . ever popular pineapple salad . . . fruit salad . . . Jean Ann coupled at hopped Walnut cabbage and Tom Bean cole slaw, provided direct by Walnut meats never in bulk.

SCHOOL LUNCHES and afternoon "munchies." Add Walnuts here, too! Whole-shelled salted, in sandwiches Walnuts provide concentrated nourishment. For growing youngsters. Rich body energy!

Keep the Walnut Bowl handy so children can help themselves. Walnuts are the finest kind of mid-afternoon bracer, supplying much of the vim, vitality, for which playtime hours

YES, ADD WALNUTS. Add them by the [illegible] in nutrition and health! Walnuts help you [illegible] because they're just packed with protective vitamins, minerals and proteins.

And [illegible] you don't have to [illegible]. Your cooking [illegible] pick of that California crop. Insist on Diamond Walnuts [illegible] Diamond trade [illegible] per pound of [illegible]

Pearls—at a Price

by Anne Jordan

A $50,000 String of Pearls—a Play—and an Unusual Love Story. Complete in This Issue.

Hattie Was So Frightened She Had to Concentrate on the Book, Consequently She Read the Lines Well.

... at and Red pearls ... and Stamped in Red ... Button at the Bill Was Paid In Full

(Continued on Page 22)

B "ARIZONA BILL," D

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Frontiersm

Scout, Por
Ranger
Badm
She

NOTICE!

TO THIEVES, THUGS, FAKIRS AND BUNKO-STEERERS,

Among Whom Are

J. J. HARLIN, alias "Off Wheeler;" SAW DUST CHARLIE, WM. HEDGES, BILLY THE KID, Billy Mullin, Little Jack, The Cuter, Pock-Marked Kid, and about Twenty Others:

If Found within the Limits of this City after TEN O'CLOCK P. M., this Night, you will be Invited to attend a GRAND NECK-TIE PARTY,

The Expense of which will be borne by

100 Substantial Citizens.

[illegible], March 24th, 1882.

"Necktie Party" for Horse Thieves. The Ranchers Have Caught, Held Brief Court, Condemned to Death and, Without Further Delay, Prepare to Hang the Rustlers to the Telegraph Pole (From Print in the T. F. Healy Collection).

Notice Posted Up by Vigilantes of Las Vegas, New Mexico Warning Robbers in General and Certain Outlaws in Particular to Get Out of Town Before Ten o'Clock That Night or Be Treated to a Grand "Necktie Party." (From Photograph in the Rose Collection, San Antonio, Texas)

A

The Hanging of "Mountain Mike." (Rose Collection)

"Rare as an Icicle in Hell" [illegible] Swinging, at the End [illegible] Tree with Substa[illegible] Bright to Throw a Co[illegible] Length on the Branches [illegible] Number of Outlaws (F[illegible] Helen

CHAPTER XI

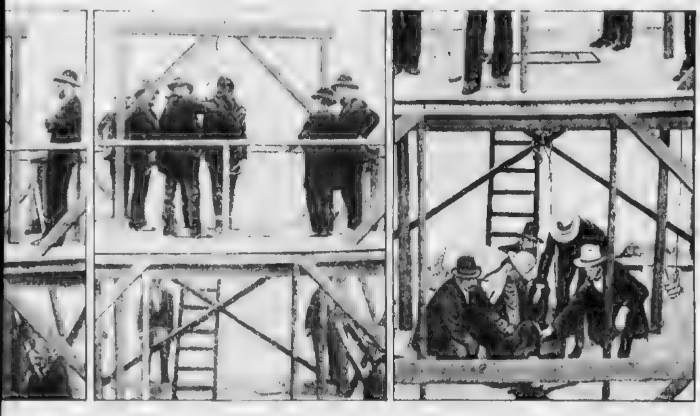
ARIZONA BILL Raymond B. Cranford.

[illegible]

T

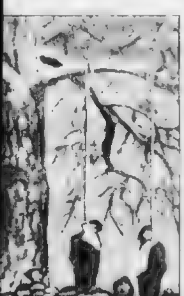
P O W W

...en, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, ...y Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona ... and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun ...en and the Quick-Shooting, Fearless ...iffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns



...Hanging of "Black Jack" Ketchum, at Clayton, New Mexico. Ketchum Was a Notorious Badman, but He Was a Care... Dresser and Wanted to Look His Best on the Scaffold. So, Jack Had His Hair and Mustache Carefully Trimmed, Ordered a New Suit of Clothes for the Occasion and Carefully Polished His Shoes. The First Picture Shows "Black Jack" Waiting Amiably for the Noose to Be Adjusted. The Next Picture Shows Him Standing Quietly While the Customary Black Cap Is Pulled Over His Face. In the Last Photograph the Gallows Trap Has Fallen and the Remains Have Been Cut Loose from the Rope While the Town Doctor, Sheriff and Deputies Examine "Black Jack's" Body. (Photographs from Rose Collection).

After Judge Lynch Has Performed His Duty. (From Old Print in the F. E. Healy Collection)



...Montana Showing ... Ropes. This W... ...ial Branches ... ...w's First ... ...Accommodate ... ...n Print by ... ...Montana

[illegible]

...fire brands (grass soaked in oil and grease), and they set the buildings on fire in so many places that they seemed to catch all over at once. The sleepers woke up ... [illegible]

Some got away ... badly wounded, but in the morning we threw the bodies of ... men and ... [illegible]

PROCLAMATION!

[illegible]

... I was in charge ... who arrived in time to help ... bring Nell the only thing ... rope. Lack ... the show from ...

... between Denver and Cheyenne. She was ... good looking at that time ... good gambler and a good ... [illegible]

[illegible]

...bandits, squinting from behind the trees, thought it was from the men that trouble would come. Inside were two women, one an ordinary soft woman from the East, the other "Poker" Nell. Nell had a small bag holding a few toilet articles and about $11,000 in gambling receipts. On her hip were a ... of Gol...

With the ladies were a couple of ... a little, unarmed jewelry peddler from New York and the other a ... [illegible] ... the drop on them, leaving ... to stick up their hands. One of the bandits then turned his face and guns toward the inside of the ...

One of the women let go a scream ... the peddler turned white and ... didn't read, but she didn't seem to be ... The other man ... at them, ... not afraid.

The bandits snorted at this ... as they ordered the ... The peddler came out ... [illegible]

With these two ... [illegible]

As I say, it was all over before we ... The bandits had surrendered, after ... small wound and the preacher had been nicked in the knee. His wasn't serious but for a ... he looked funny praying on one knee and the other stuck out in front stiff-legged.

When we got out to the place, we saw ... with one pants leg rolled up, ... and a very tall man who were ... with their wrists and ankles tied, under ... When they saw us, the parson closed his b... said

"Here endeth the last lesson."

Nell called out to us.

"Court has ... and sentence been passed ... that rope."

She took one away from Charlie ... another from Fred Wildhorse ... She tied a neat noose around the neck of ...

(Continued on Page 18)

Hair OFF Face and Body

Loved and Admired

New Beauty Overnight
Look 10 Years Younger
Wrinkles Age Lines Go

Most Amazing Creme You Ever Used
FREE Extra Offer Mail Coupon Today

Neon Truck Signs
DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

T T D G T M

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

T

CHAPTER XI
Assault

W

GOSH! IS THAT A BLEMISH? HOPE I'M NOT GETTING COSMETIC SKIN!
THANK GOODNESS LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY
SOMETHING TELLS ME MY LUX TOILET SOAP COMPLEXION'S GOING OVER BIG

Make His Cold Feel Easier Tonight

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!

Your pipe will bat a thousand with Half & Half. Cool as two strikes with three men on base. Smooth as the hit that brings in four runs. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1938 The American Tobacco Company

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

6 • 16 x 28 ALL LINEN WEFT Tea Towels FREE!

with this Westinghouse *Adjustomatic* STREAMLINE IRON

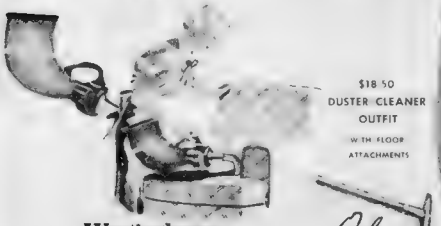
Electrical Bargain Days AT WESTINGHOUSE RETAILERS

Westinghouse *3-Heat* **WARMING PAD**

SPECIAL $2.95

Westinghouse *Deluxe Adjustomatic* **ROASTER GRILL**

ROASTER GRILL $19.95
GENUINE GLASS BAKE DISHES $4.00
OR CAN BE BOUGHT SEPARATELY



$18.50 DUSTER CLEANER OUTFIT WITH FLOOR ATTACHMENTS

Westinghouse DUSTER CLEANER

A complete cleaning outfit with big cleaner POWER

SPECIALLY PRICED FOR THIS OFFER—

Only $14.95

AND 2 MONTHS SUPPLY OF *Satina*

● Lighter — faster — easier-gliding iron; correct heat for every fabric maintained *automatically*. Extra-hard chrome base is scratch resisting — mirror-like surface imparts flawless sheen to every piece ironed. All-around bevel edge for buttons — tapered toe — cover and handle 100 degrees *cooler* because heat is concentrated in the base—*at work*. Here's a NEW EXPERIENCE in ironing. TOWELS AND SATINA AND IRON FOR THE PRICE OF THE IRON ALONE:

$8.95 A $10.50 VALUE

LOOK FOR GIANT COPIES OF THIS AD DISPLAYED BY WESTINGHOUSE STORES OFFERING THESE SPECIALS

Economy Wins!

U. S. Public Works Administration buys 16,697 Westinghouse Refrigerators for low rent housing projects . . . on LOWEST 10-YEAR OPERATING COST!

See the New 1937 Westinghouse REFRIGERATOR

Westinghouse LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

...OFFERING NEW BARGAINS IN FREEDOM AND EASE

The Spinner Dryer Washer—safest washer made—washes, blues, rinses and damp-dries. Two operations at once—to save time—labor. Dryer extracts up to 30% more water. Washes the gentle, thorough "hand method" way.

De luxe Ironer saves half the time and nine-tenths the effort of ironing; two speeds, duo-automatic heat control. Irons everything in the basket — presses clothing — steams velvets. Ask for a demonstration in your own home.

Westinghouse RANGES

IMPROVED...SIMPLIFIED...MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER!

1937 Westinghouse Ranges combine, in greater measure than ever before, those "Kitchen-proved" features hundreds of satisfied users recently told Westinghouse investigators they like best.

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS **Westinghouse**

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

Continued on Page 31

More Light for Living

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular habits of elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of Dr. Edwards, an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

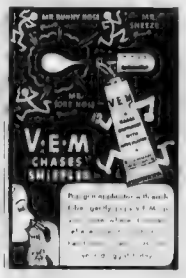
LEGS ACHE? DO THIS

When your poor legs ache an' you can hardly sit still, when you have a sprain or a painful muscle kink rub on Absorbine Jr. Soothing like a cool breeze. All such pain runs away. All discomfort, $1.25 a bottle. Economical, little goes far.

ABSORBINE JR.

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD
Relieved Cough Quickly

PERTUSSIN
COUGH RELIEF



GIFT OFFER FROM LAND O'LAKES!
MIRROR-FINISH, LIFETIME DURA-CHROMIUM
Bread and Butter Plate
YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢ and the LABEL FROM ANY
LAND O'LAKES PRODUCT
SET OF 6 PLATES FOR 6 LABELS AND 50¢

A JURY OF WOMEN PICKED THIS PLATE-OF-MANY-USES FOR YOU

ACCEPT QUICKLY PLEASE

YOU'LL AGREE Land O Lakes Butter Has No Equal in Quality or Flavor

LAND O LAKES CREAMERIES, INC

SEND THIS ORDER BLANK

LAND O'LAKES Sweet Cream BUTTER

...BUT I THOUGHT THAT ALL CREAM CHEESE WAS "PHILADELPHIA"...
NO SIREE! ONLY THIS BRAND MADE BY KRAFT AND MARKED "PHILADELPHIA" RIGHT ON THE PACKAGE. THIS BRAND IS GUARANTEED FRESH.
Guaranteed fresh!
PHILADELPHIA
CREAM CHEESE
A Kraft-Phenix Cheese

"PHILADELPHIA" *Brand* CREAM CHEESE

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

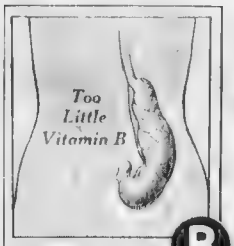
Thrilling New Softness
FOR YOUR LIPS!

LIP-YOUTH

COLDS
RHEUMATIC PAINS
BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF SORE MUSCLES

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

YOU CAN'T COUNT ON MEALS ALONE FOR VITAMINS YOU NEED



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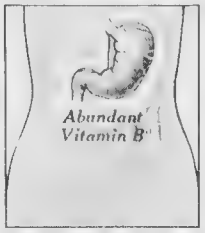
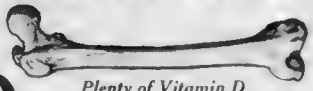


Not Enough Vitamin D

D



Plenty of Vitamin D

Yet a Shortage of Even ONE Vitamin in Your Diet Can Lead to Impaired Health. By Eating a CONCENTRATED Supply of these 4 Vitamins EVERY DAY You Don't Need to Worry About Getting Enough of them at Mealtimes

Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth

Diet Ample in Vitamin G

G

When children are weak, thin and poorly developed, it is often a sign their meals do not provide enough of Vitamin G, the GROWTH VITAMIN. A plentiful supply of this essential vitamin is especially important to assure proper development of the body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 3 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

THE SUPERB PHYSICAL growth and development of the ambassador Clarence Shot Person appears to be due in no small measure to the Fleischmann A-B-D-G diet!

A

INSUFFICIENT VITAMIN A has been responsible for infections of nose and throat—contributes to frequent colds. Lack of Vitamin A also causes eye and skin disorder but Fleischmann's Yeast makes a generous supply of this vitamin.

The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D *and* G

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ONE TASTE WILL WIN YOU···LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!

FIRST CALL

AT "QUALITY WHISKEY HEADQUARTERS"

for Schenley's

*20-Million-Dollar Blend**

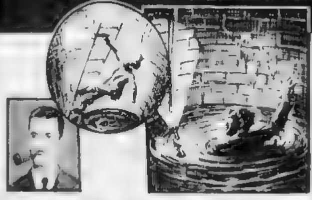
Rich with the taste of Schenley's great aging Reserves . . . a 20-million-dollar *stock* of *barrel*-aged whiskey with a price *right in line* with your wishes! In taste-fullness it stands alone . . . and it sits well! A mild, clean whiskey . . . Note how fresh your mouth tastes after it! At stores, hotels . . . and wherever quality in drinks is the order of the day . . . it will lead the big parade. Give your orders . . . and don't forget *Old Schenley is the name!*

* [illegible] ... which remains The H[illegible] ... rich taste-full blend ... and to maintain it ...

OLD SCHENLEY BRAND

is the name!

Well of the Padres His Living Tomb



Smith's Reporter Weak
from Lower Hand Chosts
...

"EVEREADY" BATTERIES ARE FRESH BATTERIES

and drowned before my friends could have

LOOK, SKIN SUFFERERS!

TWO WEEKS LATER

TRY CUTICURA

THANKS TO CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

Pearls---at a Price *By Anne Jordan*

(Continued from Page 13)

[illegible]

Bunny knocked at her door.

"Mrs. Trimble is the heart-broken wife all ready," he asked.

[illegible]

big tears rolled over Hattie's lashes and splashed on the pearls hanging around her throat.

[illegible]

honey."

Hattie was really lovely across

[illegible]

for awhile. Hattie tried to think of something to say. How to be-

"Hattie, you almost broke my

[illegible]

ries of youth.

"You don't have to laugh at me." They had turned into their

[illegible]

when I'm mak-

[illegible]

py you are after you've gotten over the toothache. She wanted to cry. But instead she opened

[illegible]

The End

The Thunder Dragon Gate *by Talbot Mundy*

(Continued from Page 20)

[illegible]

Lepchas, Gurkhas, Tibetans, Bengalis, tea-planters in Terai hats. British and Indian soldiers—

veiled and unveiled, beggars and

[illegible]

that was waiting for him.

[illegible]

countless blessings. That, too, meant nothing. Buddhists obey the scriptural command to bless their enemies.

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 25)

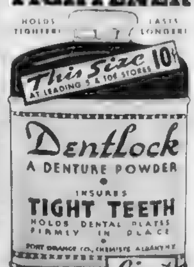
NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old fashioned mascara

TATTOO

A Better FALSE TEETH TIGHTENER

HOLDS TIGHTER · LASTS LONGER



Giant Size 39¢ AT DRUG STORES

FREE SAMPLE!

FORT ORANGE CO. Chemists Box 798 Albany, N.Y.

SKIN ITCH

QUICK RELIEF Or Money Back!

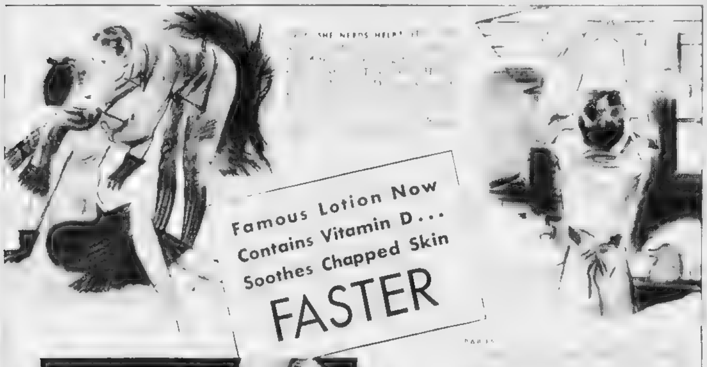
SAMPLE FREE.

A TRUE EXPERIENCE

HOW ENO HELPS YOU TO FEEL FIT FASTER

by constipation.

YOU'LL LIKE ENO the pleasant-tasting alkalizing laxative



Famous Lotion Now Contains Vitamin D... Soothes Chapped Skin FASTER

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser —with every 50¢ size

NOW... YOUR DRY, DRAWN SKIN CAN ABSORB SOME OF THE BENEFITS OF SUNSHINE!

DAILY RADIO TREAT

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

TRADE · MARK

HEALTH BULLETIN

Relieve your cough *promptly!* When that cough ... Smith Bros. Cough Drop (Black or Menthol).

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

BLACKHEADS CURBED BY OXYGEN CREAM

Correct SKIN FAULTS WITH
DIOXOGEN CREAM

PLASTIC WOOD

POLIDENT
NO BRUSH — NO ACID

HEAD COLDS

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

Real Puzzles!...Puzzles that will Challenge your Wits!

WIN $100,000.00

1st PRIZE IN CONTEST OF SKILL!

THIS IS A SAMPLE PUZZLE

Get the Official Puzzles FREE! NOW!
Anywhere cigarettes are sold.

This Puzzle Represents a Familiar Name. You Solve the Puzzle by Picking the Correct Name from the List Below:

John Adam — John Hancock
Elmer Gantry — Ponce de Leon

You'll get a DOUBLE reward from this contest... by smoking Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS

Wouldn't it be very [illegible] Or [illegible]? Or [illegible] per?

Double-Mellow Old Golds [illegible] opportunity [illegible] in the Old Gold [illegible] Contest. We mean exactly that! The cash [illegible] prizes in the contest [illegible] total to $100,000.00! And there's still plenty of fun [illegible] the contest.

The Old Gold [illegible] the Official Puzzles [illegible] Double-Mellow Old Golds [illegible] Puzzles [illegible] 1111 Double-Mellow Old Golds [illegible] puzzles [illegible]

Your special [illegible] Puzzles and [illegible] Old Golds [illegible] will tell you [illegible] Double-Mellow Old Golds [illegible]

The [illegible] for instance [illegible] "ELM" plus "R" equal ELMER. Then the [illegible] "A" [illegible] "HH" equal GAHer. You [illegible] "G" [illegible]

Get the Official Puzzles [illegible] Double-Mellow Old Golds [illegible] supply [illegible] started [illegible]

Get [illegible] "Wouldn't It Be Funny [illegible]"

P. Lorillard Company
(Established 1760)
Makers of *Double Mellow* Old Gold Cigarettes

GET THE OFFICIAL PUZZLES FREE AT ANY STORE WHERE CIGARETTES ARE SOLD. IF YOUR DEALER'S SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED, MAIL THE COUPON BELOW.

To
OLD GOLD CO., [illegible]
P. O. Box [illegible], New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please send [illegible] Official Puzzles [illegible] Double-Mellow Old Golds [illegible] Puzzles [illegible]

Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]
City [illegible]

The Tenth Drop of Gold

CHAPTER XIV
Enticing Plan

T

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

B. B. Continued Next Sunday

Continued on Page [illegible]

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — MOUTH HEALTHY

She HAS her Mother's smile

DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES You may still have your mother's charming nature. But today's soft foods [illegible] of the fine healthy teeth [illegible] made of her generation with it [illegible] that gave the mouth [illegible] Dentyne [illegible] the teeth white, stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those muscles [illegible] the workout they need to bring out the smiles

A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING A REAL PLEASURE. Dentyne has a grown up, educated taste that holds [illegible] gives a substantial satisfaction that stays [illegible] And [illegible] a package [illegible] exclusive [illegible] into your pocket or [illegible]

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

Hollywood and Broadway agree...

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

★ See these two famous stars in "MEN ARE NOT GODS"

NEW WAY TO REALTY

THRILL TO NEW POPULARITY!

55¢ each

Women's majic powder rouge lipstick, eye shadow and mascara 55¢ each

ASK FOR

SWISHETTE — BLUE
PARISIAN — BROWN
CONTINENTAL — HAZEL
PATRICIAN — GRAY

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE SAYS!

MARVELOUS [illegible] MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 24)

Norupa because Norupa knew the way."

"Alone with Norupa?"

"No. Abdul Mirza's servant came along. We went in the same closed carriage that took me to the hospital later on, and Norupa kept trying to make me promise to speak well of him to Lobsang Pun. I said I would, but I didn't. Before I left Dowlah's, I was told to say to Lobsang Pun that Abdul Mirza has a gem, which it is most important that Lobsang Pun should have."

"Meaning me?"

"Yes. Then it was fun. The house we went to was in a dark street and seemed to be heavily guarded. Inside, the walls were hung with Tibetan pictures. Lobsang Pun was like a great gorilla in a black robe, in a dim room lined with carved wood. He could speak pretty good English. He seemed to know all about me, and he asked me lots of questions about Thopa-ga."

"Did he speak to Norupa?"

"Yes. He cursed him. Norupa had followed me into the house. Lobsang Pun ordered him kicked out, and some people did it, pretty roughly. The last I saw of Norupa was when he was thrown out of that house into the dark street."

"Lobsang Pun kept laughing like a roaring lion. He seemed to think it was the funniest thing in the world to be fetched by a woman fool he came away in a hurry, alone with me in the carriage, and another carriage followed us full of I think, Tibetans. They all had weapons, and excepting Lobsang Pun they acted scared."

"Lobsang Pun seemed just the opposite of scared. He treated me like a favorite niece or something. He held my hand all the way in the carriage and kept patting it and laughing."

"I didn't go back into Dowlah's house. Abdul Mirza was at the front door. He looked through the carriage window and said: 'Be good, sweet maid. Open your eyes and shut your mouth, be kind to Thopa-ga and see where the jokers will send you!'"

"The next thing I was at the Edith Cavell Hospital, where the nurse seemed to know what to do."

"You did darned well," said Tom. "Did Dowlah proposition you at any time?"

"Oh, yes. All through dinner. 'Ultra-violet love - stuff. You weren't there to tell me what to do, so I pretended to be awfully thrilled and rather scared."

"When did you next see Lobsang Pun?"

"He came to Miss Strong's house on horseback. I've no idea where he came from. He may have passed us during the night while I slept. I simply don't know. He demanded to see Thopa-ga, who was already in bed, so Miss Strong took him to Thopa-ga for half an hour."

"Miss Strong told me Lobsang Pun would come here, so when he left the house I swiped this waterproof from one of his attendants and took hold of his horse's tail, and came along. And now, Tom, tell me what next."

He was silent. She sensed something wrong. She clutched his forearm.

"Tom, tell me. What is it?"

Thunder and lightning cannonaded for sixty seconds and the roar of rain made speech impossible. Lobsang Pun and Mu-ni Gam-po, followed by a dozen monks, were coming up the stone stairway. Tom took Elsa's arm and hustled her into the dark passage that led toward his cell. There he faced her again. It wasn't easier, even so, in the dark.

"Elsa. Hold onto yourself. You're out of luck. Government won't hear of your going to Tibet."

Silence.

"Have to learn to take it," said Tom.

More silence.

"Tom, are you telling the truth?"

"Yes."

"Is there nothing you can do about it?"

Silence. Suddenly: "I'm as sure as you are."

"Tom, do you believe they mean it?" She clutched his arm again.

"Elsa, here's the low-down. If I get killed, who cares? But if anything happened to you, it wouldn't be any use their saying you had entered Tibet without permission. There'd be public hell to pay because they hadn't stopped your going."

"Tom, what has come over you? We discussed the danger and all that, in England."

"This isn't England."

"Am I not good?"

"Too good to be wasted. Standby. There may be time that you can do yet. Wait. I'll get a blanket for you. Then we'll go into the chapel gallery and watch what happens."

The Middle-aged Bon Priest Sat Apart—an Insolent-faced Mystery Man—Magician—Practitioner of the Black Arts of Centuries Ago.

CHAPTER XV.

Shang-Shang Visitation.

A LAMA gallery ran the entire length of one side of the chapel. Tom had in his pocket flashlight. They were not alone in the gallery. He left Elsa standing by the door and went to investigate.

The Bon magician, his novice, the shaman and four more of the party that he had seen in the courtyard, were grouped together at the far end, in the darkest corner, with their two big baskets covered with black waterproofing. They stirred like evil birds disturbed by the pin-ray light.

Tom looked closely at them, then returned to Elsa, wishing something would happen. She was trembling—tall, bravely silent. He had to talk to her and he didn't know what the devil to say.

There were little lights on the altar, but all the middle of the chapel was in darkness until two monks entered, one with an electric torch to show the other where to use his taper on a long pole. They lighted scores of oil lamps in the niches in the walls, and all the lanterns hanging from the beams, until the chapel was aswim with smoky light that spread rich shadows flickering amid painted banners and upon the calm features of Chenrezi above the high altar.

The gallery door squeaked open and thudded shut. Tom used his flashlight again. It made a circle of light about two feet in diameter. In the midst of that appeared Norupa's death-mask face. He thrust it close to Tom's.

"What did the police do to you?" Tom demanded.

"Nothing-only-telling-me - you-Number-One-Amelikan. My-saying-nothing."

"Go and find out what's in these baskets."

Elsa came closer so that Tom might signal to her. He groped for her hand and used the code:

"Norupa - bad, but only guide available. Man in corner is a black magician—Bon—probably a hot wire. Dangerous."

Monks began filling in, two-by-two, until the floor below resembled a dark carpet of bowed heads. At the far end, a raised stone platform was left clear. Old Mu-ni Gam-po entered, followed by acolytes and ministrants, to the sound of a gong and weird wind-music that accompanied a chant. He took his seat on the high-backed throne-chair beside the altar.

Motionless in heavy vestments, he looked like a carving in old wood and ivory. A gong rang and the kneeling monks intoned a prayer that went lost amid the rafters.

From the courtyard there was a sudden booming blare from twenty-foot-long trumpets. All the monks' faces turned toward a door beneath the gallery. There was thudding and commotion, but Tom and Elsa couldn't lean over far enough to see what caused it. Sixteen devil-dancers appeared, in grotesque masks, fully costumed.

Tom signaled to Elsa: "Something fishy. Devil-dancing, when it's on the level, is an outdoor ritual. Tantric Buddhist monks are scrappers when they're stirred up. Hornets. Rouse 'em, that's all."

The monks had to make way for the devil-dancers, who forced a wide passage down the midst of the chapel, dancing a curious stealthy step, in a wedge formation.

Behind them came a heavy palanquin, borne on poles by eight monks. It was a closed, old-fashioned thing, held together by big wooden pegs. There was a shang-shang painted on the panel, bright green on black, belching a crimson fury of flame through its snout.

Preceded by two censers and an attendant bearing a bronze dorje on a cushion—a thing shaped like a thunderbolt—Lobsang Pun followed the palanquin. He was dressed in the full robes of a Tesho-hat hierarch, including cone-shaped hood. He looked enormous. He took long strides, slowly, so that his robes swayed proudly.

He paused, exactly in the middle of the chapel, and instead of turning to the right, as the palanquin did, he turned left and faced the high altar, waiting until his eight attendant monks had formed into a group behind him.

With convincing reverence, he bowed before the image of Chenrezi. Then he bowed to Mu-ni Gam-po and went and seated himself on a throne like the Abbot's, on the other side of the altar, with his attendant monks grouped on his left hand.

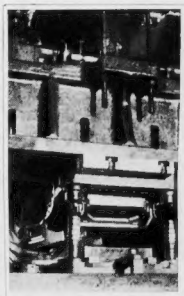
The palanquin was carried to the platform at the far end of the chapel, opposite the altar. As its bearers raised it to the platform, one of them slipped on the stone. He fell and was soundly kicked in the ribs by a monk. He seized the monk's leg and bit it. He was kicked in the face. The palanquin almost toppled over, but a monk with a sharp stick came and restored order, competently prodding as if he were driving animals to market.

The palanquin was lifted to the dais and set facing the altar. The devil-dancers, on the floor to right and left of it, swayed and gestured.

Abbot Mu-ni Gam-po raised his right hand. One of his acolytes struck a gong. There was a subdued blare of horns. A bell rang, and there began the midnight ritual, more than vaguely resembling High Mass, droned by well-trained voices.

Lobsang Pun's voice was as clear as a bell. He led the chanting. By the vigor of his reverence, he stirred the congregation until mystic midnight

(Continued on Page 26)



Desert sand, jungle heat, ocean spray . . . train, plane, or pack-saddle—Corona can take it, and keep right on taking it!

1937 SPEED MODEL CORONA

Scores of letters from Corona users tell the same story. After accidents or misuse that would wreck any ordinary machine, Corona is all ready to go to work again.

CORONA for STURDINESS

From mammoth presses to precision instruments, Corona's modern factory is completely equipped for this one job of making fine portable typewriters . . . and the 1937 Coronas include every feature that 25 years experience can devise to give you longer service and faster, easier operation. Ask your dealer!

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PAY FOR YOUR CORONA AS YOU USE IT . . . AS LITTLE AS $1.00 A WEEK

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Desk A-107, Almond St., Syracuse, N. Y.
I'd like to know about your different Corona models and their prices. Please send free booklet.
Name
Address
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JONES! THESE FIGURES ARE ALL WRONG!
I'M SORRY, BOSS. I GUESS I'M JUST TIRED... I NEED SLEEP... I HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING AT ALL WELL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER...
WELL, I HOPE YOU SLEEP BETTER... SOON.
SAY, I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THE BOSS SAID THAT! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WAS BEING SARCASTIC?...
• Nobody can do his best work when he isn't getting enough sleep at night. In fact, tests show definite impairment of efficiency by loss of sleep. What can you do about "not sleeping"?
GEE, I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING — COUNTING SHEEP, CUTTING OUT COFFEE AT NIGHT. STILL I CAN'T SLEEP...
WELL, ANOTHER DAY'S OVER. NOW I SUPPOSE THE WIFE WILL WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT. I CERTAINLY HAVEN'T ANY PEP FOR THAT!
OVALTINE HELPS THOUSANDS SLEEP
HM-M, OVALTINE, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I NEED. I'VE HEARD OF IT OFTEN, BUT NEVER TRIED IT...
THAT NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT FOR A WHILE, JONES TAKES OVALTINE, with this result...
Z-Z-Z
JONES, OLD MAN, YOU'VE BEEN DOING SUCH FINE WORK THE LAST MONTH, I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU...
GEE, BOSS... THANKS!..

IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT,

the chances are you are too tense—you can't relax.

What you need, under these conditions, is something that will help you to "loosen up" and get to sleep.

Such an aid is Ovaltine, the world-famous drink that has been performing such wonders in this respect. It's a food, not a drug. Here's the way its action is explained:—

1. First, it helps to draw blood from the brain to the stomach. This helps to compose the mind for restful sleep.

2. Second—any slight digestive disturbance may prevent proper relaxation. Ovaltine gives your stomach a light digestive job to do. It often helps quiet an "uneasy" stomach.

Finally, it is reported by thousands that Ovaltine helps to foster a *sounder* night's rest. They say they wake up more refreshed the next day.

So, if *you* are not sleeping well, try Ovaltine. It has helped so many others—remarkably . . . isn't it time *you* tried it?

You can get Ovaltine at any grocery, drug or department store.

Generous SAMPLE CAN

If you want to make a trial of Ovaltine, send 10c (to cover cost of handling and mailing) and get the sample can. It may be just what you need. *Offer is limited to one can to a person.*

Copr. 1937, The Wander Company

Act now — find out what Ovaltine may do for you.

COUPON

OVALTINE, Dept. 1-AW-37, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a generous-size sample can of OVALTINE. I enclose 10c, wrapped in a piece of paper. *Thank you.*

Name
Address
Town State

OVALTINE

promotes sound, natural SLEEP

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"Rhythm" in Cooking

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

AS YET no writer of song hits has written a melody called "Swing Low, Sweet Skillet," and skilled rhapsodizers from Tin-Pan Alley may not realize that there is timing, beat, and tapping down the Cook's alley as well, but it is a fact that there must be "rhythm" in food-preparing as well as on the dance-floor. For without rhythm in the use of pots and pans, so that they "swing" with ease and dexterity, dinner is likely to be delayed and many awkward pauses or spillings result.

The dictionary calls an instrument "a system by which work is done," or "an implement for professional purposes," and as such a gas or electric range can be "played" to evoke either sweet dreams of gastronomic bliss or a finale of scorched pans and overdone steak.

Let's cook at the range, a cooking instrument which offers all the possibilities from soft slow simmering to fast frying or boiling—changes in tempo which mean foods cooked to a tender juiciness or, on the other hand, "browned to a crisp."

The adjustment of the burner is perhaps the first step in achieving an easy "swingtime" with meals. How frequently, alas, the cook turns up the flame as high as to extract all the juices and toughen the food, instead of allowing it to remain or become tender. Back of the handling of the burner, turning it now high, now low, should be a basic knowledge of the consistency, texture and composition of the foods being prepared.

Eggs are a good example of a food of delicate composition, as easily affected by heat or long cooking as to change the moist and liquid albumen to a tough substance resembling a rubber eraser. Dried fruits, as a further example, should never be cooked so hard or so rapidly as to allow the pulp to fall apart. Fish is a food whose delicate flesh cooks rapidly, and over a medium heat, and which therefore never deserves the hard and long cooking to which some home cooks subject it.

On the other hand, many of our most commonly-eaten foods require a quick, hot fire from the start. Steak, chops, Hamburg, aiming meats, must be rapidly and surely "seared" if their juices are to be kept in and not allowed to escape. A "quick oven" is called for in connection with such things as biscuits, pastry (at first), and the countless dishes of the type of au gratin or oven-browned scalloped dishes.

Cookies, small cakes, muffins, etc., are also among those present who like their range rhythm hot, rapid, right from the start. All foods with flour or starch as an important component must have a "quick, hot oven," if the starch grains are to burst or explode, and by doing this become tender, and allow the much-desired mealy consistency.

Turning up the gas or using any type of high heat too suddenly, is also hard on the cooking utensil. Even the best of pots are likely to crack, pucker or warp, if unfairly forced to stand the highest point of the flame. The American backyards, as seen from the railway train as it enters the city's outskirts, are often buried under a litter of discarded pans and coffee pots, mute testimony to poor "timing" of the foods cooked in them.

How can you tell if the flame, pan or oven are at the right degree of heat to produce the desired Cooking Blues? Good cooks, like good musicians, have an "ear" for the right pitch, alas!

In using a skillet, for example, too low a temperature makes a steaming sound which tells that juices are escaping, while a furious sizzling shrieks that too high a heat is toughening and shrinking the meat. A well-cooked chop or cutlet is a rich dark brown on both sides, but not dry or burned. The fat is browned and lightly crimped at the edges; the lean meat is plump, juicy, tender, never hard as leather.

Now for the oven, which cooks by enclosed heat, or radiated heat. How do you know what is happening in that hot-box, once you shut the door? The writer was amused recently when talking to a young business woman on this very subject.

The young woman said she had a charming little kitchenette in her apartment, but was "afraid to use the oven."

"But why?" she was asked.

"I don't know how hot it is, and I'm afraid of it," was the unusual reply.

Putting your whole hand in the oven was a time-tested method to grandmother's day of discovering the "how hot" of the closed fire; or watching a piece of white paper become browned, while counting the seconds, was still another.

Today there is little need for guesswork in determining how hot is the oven. Good ranges are equipped with a temperature-control device which indicates visibly to an exact degree whether it is a quick oven, a moderate or a slow oven. Lacking a permanent built-in regulator, a small oven thermometer may be set on the shelf, which will quickly register the oven's fever chart.

Shall the oven be placed below, or up high is a controversy which has raged with almost equal intensity to that of shelter printing or gunpowder was the most important discovery in civilization. It seems to me desirable to have the oven at waist-height, to avoid bending, the hustle, as it were, while basting the roast of lamb.

But if one make a choice, of top oven as against a wide, free working space for top-burner cooking, vote to lower the oven and secure "free parking" for pans and kettles during the actual cooking work.

And why? Because a wide, expansive surface on which to do top-of-range cooking is the one most important factor to rhythm at the range. What the expert cook requires is space, and room for her arms to reach out quickly, grab a pot of boiling potatoes or a skillet of frying ham, and be able to swing them right or left, without obstruction, or without coming smack-bang, full-tilt against an oven as immovable as Mohamet's mountain.

One of the unusual features of a good hotel kitchen (and it will pay every homemaker to visit several a season) is the big, roomy range set out into the middle of the room, or so placed that there is wide right-left or left-right swing possible to the operator. The coal stove did have one unsurpassed advantage: its top was wide and deep, broad and spacious, so that one might cook rapidly on the front, and then put the pot on the back of the range to simmer.

Every well-designed range should have some kind of plate-warmer and hot foods compartment, so that late-diners retarded by homecoming husbands and children who refuse to come home at the call of the dinner-bell, still may partake of a hot, warming meal.

Besides offering the possibilities of open top-burner cookery, and enclosed oven cookery, the range permits a third method of food preparation, namely the broiler or grid.

But here, alas, is the least often practiced art. Women do not seem to enjoy broiling meals or other dishes, whereas most men, as proved by restaurant and hotel count, prefer the grilled or the en brochette meal.

Why? Because, as every woman knows, a broiler pan is a difficult article to wash. Invent a new and different type of broiler, where the drip-pan is less clumsy and where the food is easier to handle, and maybe women will learn to like it.

Recently the writer visited an informal home of a young couple, and almost the first thing the young wife did was to complain of her maid. It seems that she never had meals on time; plates were not hot when they should be; china was dropped and broken; confusion attended every meal. The young woman was considering making a change in personnel; surely, a new maid would be better. What did I think about it?

I asked to see the kitchen. That first glance told me the answer. No matter how expert the girl might have been, the renowned Escoffier himself could not have cooked and served a meal with ease and without clatter.

Imagine an arrangement where the gas-range was set against the wall with its oven (right) flush with the jamb of the door leading to dining-room service. The other side of the range was set tight against the house outer wall. At almost right angles, and further along, was the sink, protruding so that the cook almost had to sit down in the sink as she faced the range; she could neither move her arms to the left (the wall) or the right (the door entrance).

How could you expect "rhythm" in such compressed working area? No wonder plates were cold and dishes broken!

If "range" means anything from its word derivation, is it not "space," "unrestricted," "unstaked," or fenced-in property? We speak of the "range" of the Western cowboy, and we can scarcely compute its area.

So, too, we speak of "range" as applied to the cooking instrument on which the housewife plays her daily gastronomic melodies. It should be spacious and unrestricted, with a wide, free sweep which permits swing-time for effortless, timed meals.

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* * *

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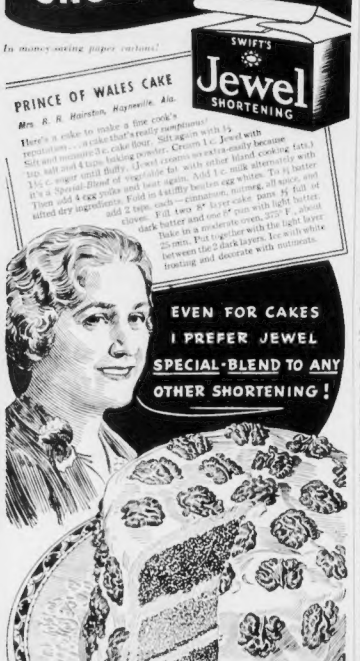
SWIFT'S
Jewel
SHORTENING
PRINCE OF WALES CAKE
Mrs. R. R. Hairston, Hayneville, Ala.
EVEN FOR CAKES I PREFER JEWEL SPECIAL-BLEND TO ANY OTHER SHORTENING!

There's a cake to make a fine cook's reputation . . . a cake that's really sumptuous! Sift and measure 3 c. cake flour. Sift again with 1½ tsp. salt and 4 tsp. baking powder. Cream ½ c. Jewel with 1½ c. sugar until fluffy. (Jewel creams so extra-easily because it's a Special-Blend of vegetable fat with other blend-cooking fats.) Then add 4 egg yolks and beat again. Add 1 c. milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold in 4 tbsp. melted butter, add 2 tsp. each—cinnamon, nutmeg, all spice, and cloves. Fill two 8" layer-cake pans ⅓ full of batter. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., about 25 min. Put together with the light layer between the 2 dark layers. Ice with white frosting and decorate with nutmeats.

A finer shortening! Jewel, the famous Southern *Special-Blend*, actually creams faster and makes more tender baked foods than the costliest types of plain all-vegetable shortening.

Easily Prepared Nutritious Nut Recipes

California Sunshine Salad: 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup canned pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup canned pineapple, diced small, 1 cup raw carrot, grated coarsely, ½ cup walnuts, finely cut. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add pineapple juice, vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, turn into large or individual molds, and return to chill in refrigerator for 2 hours. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise, and stripes of green or red pepper. Lay star of pimiento and sliced olive ring in bottom of mold. Serves 6.

Cream Cheese and Pine Nut Salad Balls: ½ cup mashed cream cheese, ½ cup minced heart celery, 2 tablespoons minced olives, ¼ cup or more pine nuts, lettuce, guava or currant jelly. Blend cream cheese with minced celery and olives, and shape into small balls. Roll each ball in pine nuts, and chill. Arrange three small cheese balls on lettuce, and garnish with small cubes of red jelly.

Tuna Fish a la King with Brazil Nuts: ¼ cup butter, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups milk, 1 cup chopped Brazil nuts, 1 pimiento, chopped, 1 large can tuna fish, 9 whole Brazil nuts, pimiento strips. Make a creamy sauce of melted butter, flour and seasonings, with milk. Add chopped nuts and pimiento. Flake tuna into small pieces and add to sauce. Grease round 1-quart casserole and pour in mixture. Arrange thin strips of pimiento and whole nuts on top, wheel-fashion. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serves 6.

Ham and Cider Nut Jelly Loaf: 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin, ½ cup seedless raisins, 2 cups sweet cider, 2 whole cloves, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup cooked ham, diced or in small slivers, ½ cup sliced Brazil nuts. Soak raisins in cider until plump. Add cloves, sugar, salt, and bring to boiling-point. Add gelatin and stir until entirely dissolved. Remove cloves. Chill. When jelly begins to thicken, add ham and nuts. Pour into shallow oblong or loaf mold and chill until firm. Unmold, garnish with heart lettuce and mayonnaise slightly flavored with horseradish. Serves 8-10.

Drop-South Pecan Pie: ¼ cup butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, grains salt, ⅔ cup dark corn syrup, 3 eggs, well-beaten, 1 cup pecan halves, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 unbaked (8-inch) pie shell. Cream together butter, brown sugar and salt. Add syrup, beaten eggs, pecans and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Turn into unbaked pie shell and bake from 45 to 50 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, or until knife inserted comes out clean. Chilled whipped cream may be served on top of warm pie, if desired.

The Thunder Dragon Gate by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 25)

ritual grew real.

Noropa groped his way back stealthily and whispered into Tom's ear:

"Rockets-containing-relics-forblessing-by-holy-Lobsang-Pun."

Tom signaled to Elsa: "Noropa lying. Beats me how that Bon got in unchallenged. He wears a Japanese dagger. I saw the hilt. May be laying for Lobsang Pun."

Then he spoke to Noropa: "Why were they admitted?"

"Having-document-signed-by-holy-Emittence-Lobsang-Pun-Rinpoche."

Tom's fingers signaled on Elsa's wrist: "Forgery, I bet you. Noropa up to mischief. Bons have told him something."

He dismissed Noropa.

The chanting ceased. It was time for the homily. One of the attendants laid a sacred book on Lobsang Pun's knees.

There fell a silence so intense that there seemed to be no walls to deaden the splashing of rain. Lobsang Pun leaned forward in the teacher's attitude, one elbow on his knee, and read a long text from very ancient scripture. The last word, pronounced slowly, distinctly, with even stress on each syllable, was like three distinct words of command:

"The name of him whose spoken word in Thunder Dragon Gate shall move men's minds and stir their hearts, so that those things shall come to pass and peace shall reign, shall be like unto the Holy Spirit that directs his sayings: THO-PA-GA!"

He paused. At the far end of the chapel, someone opened the palanquin. The leaves of the double door banged sharply against the sides. Every head in the chapel faced suddenly in that direction.

Seated within the palanquin, motionless, looking like a dead man, sat Tho-pa-ga. The devil-dancers had not ceased swaying. The monotonous motion of their hideous masks emphasized Tho-pa-ga's stillness. Two monks diverted flashlights at Tho-pa-ga's face.

His eyes shone like dark jewels.

Lobsang Pun bove himself out of his throne-chair. His magnificent voice rang through the chapel. With his dorje in his right hand, in the name of His Holiness the Tashi Lama Rimpoche, he proclaimed Tho-pa-ga the Keeper of the Thunder Dragon Gate, the Mouthpiece and the Voice of Prophecy. The Sender forth.

Even he had to cease. Even his hushed, belligerent, triumphant face froze. All eyes followed his.

A gasp of horror struck like a gust of wind. Three hundred prayer-wheels were snatched from girdles and set whirling. Three hundred monks backed away in a wave toward the wall that faced the gallery. The rear ranks kicked and struck at those in front to save themselves from being crushed.

A shang-shang was on the chapel wall, midway between Tho-pa-ga and the far end of the gallery. It was motionless, except that its mandibles moved. Elsa's hand clutched Tom's. He drew her closer to him.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Here's that Very Fast Way to "Alkalize" the Stomach

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Signs Which Often Indicate "Acid Stomach"

PAIN AFTER EATING	FEELING OF NERVOUSNESS
INDIGESTION	SLEEPLESSNESS
NAUSEA	MORNING ACIDITY
LOSS OF APPETITE	SOUR STOMACH
	FREQUENT HEADACHES

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

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IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Some Favorite Tested Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chicken and Sweet Potatoes in Casserole.

HAVE ready 2 cups diced cooked chicken. 4 cups sliced cooked sweet potatoes (boiled or baked). 2 cups well-seasoned chicken gravy and 3 or 4 thin slices of bacon. Arrange chicken and potatoes in alternate layers in a greased baking-dish. Pour the gravy over top. Lay the bacon strips over all. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, for 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

Tomato Rolls (By Request).

SCALD 1 cup canned tomato juice with 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ tablespoon salt and 2 tablespoons shortening. Cool until lukewarm. Soften 1 yeast cake in 2 tablespoons warm water and add 1 teaspoon sugar. Add to tomato juice mixture. Add 3½ to 4 cups sifted flour and mix thoroughly. Put in a greased bowl, brush lightly with melted shortening and let rise in until nearly double in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead until it can be handled easily. Roll about ½-inch thick. Shape in small clover or pocketbook rolls. Place in greased muffin pans. Cover with clean towel and let stand in warm place until nearly double in bulk (1 or 2 hours). Bake in a quick oven, at 425 degrees, for 12 to 15 minutes.

Chicken Breast and Macaroni in Heart-Shaped Timbales.

HAVE ready 1 cup diced cooked chicken or turkey breast and 1 cup bite-lengths of cooked macaroni. Into 1½ cups rich white sauce stir ½ cup grated or sliced American or Parmesan cheese, ½ teaspoon paprika and salt to taste. Add the chicken and macaroni and reheat over hot water. Serve in heart-shaped timbale cases. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Valentine Chicken Pies.

HAVE ready and reserve creamed chicken or a mixture of chicken oysters, mushrooms or sweetbreads. Pour about ½ cup of the mixture into individual casserole dishes. Place two or three tiny hot heart-shaped baking-powder biscuits on the chicken, garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Baking-Powder Biscuit Hearts.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika. Cut in 4 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup milk and mix lightly. Toss out on lightly-floured board, pat and roll about ½-inch thick. Shape with a small heart-shaped cutter. Bake in a hot oven. Serve immediately.

Sweet Pickle Jelly (Left-Over Juice).

SOAK ½ package gelatin in ¼ cup cold water or use directions on box allowing the amount of liquid required. Add 1 cup of hot syrup from sweet pickle jar (peaches, pears, etc.) and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add the juice and pulp of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons chopped Maraschino cherries, 1 cup of sliced sweet pickles and 3 tablespoons Maraschino juice. Turn into small heart-shaped molds and chill.

Tomato Ring With Tuna and Apple Salad.

PREPARE tomato aspic according to recipe previously given on this page. Chill in large ring-mold. Remove tuna fish from can and pour boiling water over fish to remove a little of the oil. Drain and chill the fish. Peel and dice 5 ripe apples. Mix with the large flakes of tuna, chopped celery to taste and mayonnaise to season. Turn tomato ring out on crisp lettuce and fill center with the tuna and apple salad.

Mystery Cake.

MELT 4 ounces chocolate over hot water. Cook 1½ cups granulated sugar with ½ cup water until mixture forms a golden syrup. Add 1 cup boiling water and cook until thick. Add to the melted chocolate and blend well. Keep hot over hot water. Beat 1½ cups cream until thick. Add 2 cups sifted sugar and ½ cup water and mix lightly. Add 2 cups flour sifted three or four times with 1½ tablespoons baking-powder and a few grains salt. Beat 8 egg yolks until light and thick and combine with cream mixture. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites and 2 drops each, vanilla and almond extract. Add ½ cup of the syrup. Pour into three buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake in a hot oven, at 375 degrees. (This is a most delicious cake if carefully made). Put together and cover with Mystery icing. To make **Mystery Icing:** Boil syrup remaining from Mystery cake until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour slowly on 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Beat until nearly cold. Add sifted powdered sugar to make stiff enough to spread. Add 2 drops, each, almond and vanilla.

Dundee Cake (By Request).

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 1 cup fine sugar gradually and beat until smooth. Add 4 beaten eggs and ½ teaspoon vanilla and blend well. Add 1 cup pastry flour (sifted) and stir until smooth. Dredge 2 ounces shredded candied orange peel, ½ pound currants, ½ pound Sultana raisins and 2 ounces finely-shredded almonds with 1 cup sifted pastry flour and add to cake mixture. Turn into small loaf or heart-shaped pans that have been lined with buttered paper. Decorate with sliced almonds. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees.

Cherry Salad.

MIX 1 cup seeded white cherries, 1 cup red cherries, 1 cup diced pears and 1 cup diced pineapple and chill thoroughly. Drain well and add ½ cup shredded blanched almonds or broken pecan meats. Add ½ cup whipped cream mayonnaise. Arrange on crisp heart lettuce. Garnish with Maraschino cherries and serve with 1 cup of whipped cream mayonnaise.

Pineapple Salad.

SOAK 2 tablespoons gelatin in ½ cup cold water for 5 minutes. Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water. Add ½ cup sugar, a few grains paprika, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup vinegar and the juice of ½ lemon. Cool. When mixture begins to congeal stir in 1 cup diced cucumber and 1 cup drained shredded pineapple. Turn into heart-shaped individual molds. Chill. Turn out on crisp lettuce and serve with ¼ cup mayonnaise to which has been added ¼ cup cream, beaten until stiff.

Butterscotch Brownies (By Request).

MIX and sift ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Melt ¼ cup butter and stir in 1 cup brown sugar, 1 unbeaten egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ cup broken nutmeats. Add the sifted dry ingredients. Spread the mixture in a buttered pan and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Lemon Hearts or Hatchets.

CREAM ¼ pound butter, add ½ pound sifted sugar and beat until creamy. Add grated rind of 1 lemon, ¼ tablespoon lemon juice and 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift 3 ounces flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon soda. Add to butter mixture. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into small heart or hatchet-shaped muffin pans that have been carefully buttered and floured. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, 25 or 30 minutes.

Lemon Yeast Biscuits.

SCALD 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup sugar and add 2 tablespoons butter. Let stand until lukewarm. Dissolve ½ cake yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water and add to first mixture. Add 1 beaten egg. Stir in about 3½ cups flour and mix thoroughly. Flavor with ½ teaspoon lemon extract and add ½ cup carefully-cleaned currants. Let rise until double in bulk or about 5 or 6 hours. Turn out on a floured board and knead lightly, adding just enough flour to handle easily. Pat or roll about 1-inch thick. Shape with a cookie-cutter Place about 2 inches apart on a greased baking sheet and let rise until double in bulk, or about 1½ hours. Brush with beaten egg and bake in a quick oven, at 400 or 425 degrees, 18 or 20 minutes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Canned Peaches, Cereal, Pancakes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs with Cheese, Toast, Coffee.	Oranges, Cereal, Bacon Omelet, Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots, Cereal, French Toast, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	Grapejuice, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Toasted Raisin Bread, Unsalted Butter, Coffee.	Sliced Canned Pineapple, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Scrambled Egg Sachse, Asparagus Salad.	Grilled Frankfurters, Philadelphia Relish Salad, Apple Muffins.	Parsnip and Bread-Crumb Soufflé, Green Salad, Pickled Beets, Celery Curls, Orange Spanish Cream, Tea.	Lima Beans in Casserole, Muffins, Emergency Salad, Tea.	Toad in a Hole, Cauliflower Salad with Minced Herb Dressing, Lemon Soufflé, Tea.	Cabbage Leaf with Dill or Pimento Sauce, Potato Puffs, Green Beans or Broccoli, Dugles, Apple Pie.	Chartreuse of Chicken or Veal with Olive Sauce, Spinach with Lemon or Hot Slaw, Green Corn, Harvard Beets, Mixed Pickles, Ice-Box Cake, Coffee.
Tea-Box Rolls, Golden Apricot Ambrosia, Tea.	Chocolate Pudding, Tea.					*Supper (Picnic)*
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Stuffed Vienna Roll Salad, Fruit Compote, Orange Frosted Doughnuts, Cocoa.
Roast Beef with Individual Yorkshire Puddings, Baked Onions, Macedoine Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Cranberry Banana Pie.	Savory Pork Pie with Pastry, Sauerkraut or Tea Minute Cabbage, Jellied Tomato Salad, Blackberry Flummery, Cookies.	Fried Trout Bordelaise, Parsley Potato Balls, Green Peas, Carrot and Raisin Salad, French Dressing, Plums in Orange Lemon Jelly with Apple Snow.	Curry of Lamb with Boiled Rice, Green Peas with Sour Carrots, Baked Spanish Relish and Cucumber Salad, Salad Dressing, Fruit Sherbet, Birthday Cake.	Chilli. Turn out on crisp lettuce and serve with ¼ cup mayonnaise to which has been added ¼ cup cream, beaten until stiff.		

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3606—GREET SPRING SUNSHINE IN THIS GAYEST OF PEPLUM FROCKS! GIVE IT A PERKY CONTRASTING BOW FOR ACCENT. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric and 1¼ yards 4-inch ribbon.

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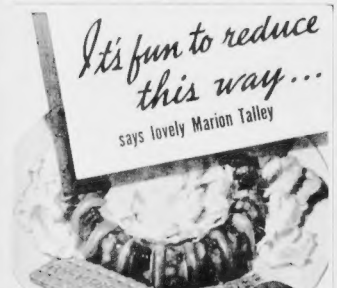
It's fun to reduce this way...
says lovely Marion Talley



Hollywood "Stay-Slim" Secret. How do the glamorous stars of the screen keep their lovely figures? How did the renowned Marion Talley manage to lose 33 pounds and achieve radiant "movie star" slimness almost overnight? By following the famous Hollywood Hoke — the easy, natural way of reducing. Just sensible eating, moderate exercise and . . .

Ry-Krisp with every meal. You'll enjoy eating Ry-Krisp at least at every meal," says Marion Talley, "because those wholesome wafers are as utterly delicious the first time you serve them, your family and friends will constantly clamor for more. And all the while you have the double thrill of knowing that besides being wholesome and nourishing, they are filling but not fattening."

Make every food taste better. Serve these crisp, crunchy wafers with soups, with salads. Munch on Ry-Krisp to appease your between-meal appetite. Eat Ry-Krisp for toasted until a lot of large cheese to satisfy that after-theatre hunger. You'll find that this tantalizing wholesome flavor, the unique goodness of these home-style wafers make every food and every between-age taste better. Buy a box of Ry-Krisp today.

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with this COMPLETE CREAM

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A depleted skin is defenseless against invading blemishes. Keep your skin's defenses working actively, more as Nature made them work when you were 18.

IF every girl at 18 could only realize that her skin loveliness is a matter of but a few short years; that even then, shadows of future imperfections are appearing. Gradually and imperceptibly these shadows become realities — coarse pores, deep lines, dry scaly roughness, crepey texture, blackheads, oily shine, loose saggy folds.

These blemishes develop because your skin's natural defenses have become weak and ineffectual. Oil glands refuse to work as they did when you were 18, and so your skin is robbed of the natural skin oils which gave it its fresh supple beauty then. Circulation of the blood which carries nourishment to the skin and removes waste has slowed down.

When this happens you must help Nature out. These weakening natural defenses against invading blemishes must be strengthened.

But so many women waste their efforts here. They work so faithfully — yet because they do the wrong thing, are in the end no better off than the women who make no effort at all.

The best way is the simplest. *What you need is one inclusive, complete cream which is patterned on natural skin oils — Ingram's Milkweed Cream!*

This cream, complete in itself, helps do for your skin what Nature did so generously when you were 18 — supplies precious oils which once more make your skin soft and fresh; and, by gently massaging into the skin, the slow circulation is stimulated and your skin becomes firmer, younger-looking.

This simple *natural* method of skin beauty is the method by which many of Hollywood's most famous stars guard their high-priced beauty.

"It stands to reason," they say, "that this complete cream, patterned on natural skin oils, is the right way to conserve that young lovely quality of skin we must have."

If it is right for them, it is right for you! It is so easy and inexpensive. No costly beauty treatments. No elaborate set of creams, one for this, one for that, one for something else. Only *one* complete cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Tonight just *some* Ingram's Milkweed Cream into your skin gently with an upward, outward stroke. Do it regularly. You will be rewarded by seeing *your* skin grow softer, smoother, firmer, fresher. Skin beauty can again be yours!

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

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100% SATISFACTION OR 100% REFUND

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Because of the 1937 swing to the Ford V-8, many of the best of these used cars are coming to the Ford Dealer.

Naturally, he must sell them. He doesn't want to carry them through the winter. He has priced them so low that people who recognize value simply can't resist them.

And that's why you'll save by buying now. Go today and see the bargains in used cars and trucks—all makes and models—which your Ford Dealer is offering.

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For as low as $15 a month, after usual down-payment, you can buy a Ford Dealer's R&G used car now at the year's lowest prices. Your present car may cover the down-payment—or more.

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